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Anti-Leopold Disturbances Growing Apace

Brussels, July 28.

Strikers shouting "Hang Leopold" poured into Brussels tonight, threatening to march again on Lacken, the Palace home of the newly-returned King Leopold.

"But this time we will reach the Palace," shouted miners, iron founders and chemical workers, described as "tough guys" by the police.

Fighting flared up in Brussels' Gare du Nord at this influx of a wave of demonstrators from the French-speaking provinces of Wallonia, pledged to grip the country in a general strike unless King Leopold abdicates.

Last night thousands of demonstrators, led by the Socialist former Prime Minister, M. Paul Henri Spaak, who called the strike "the start of a revolution," were turned back outside the Palace by mounted gendarmes with drawn sabres and foot guards with rifles. One officer said that the police would have their work "cut out" to handle these southerners from provinces already paralysed by the creeping strike.

They vowed to impose the strike on the capital.

"Brussels must be a dead city by tonight or tomorrow morning," cried dark-haired Madame Isabelle Blame.

As the first arrivals surged from the station, a Royalist shouting "Long Live the King" was partly stripped.

Marching strikers sang a new "war song," the first line of which was "Down with Leopold—the man should hang."

GIANT JAM

A car was overturned in the station square. Private drivers wheeling to get away, bogged down in a giant traffic jam.

Police and gendarmes closed in. Shops that had resisted the earlier strike call closed suddenly as whistle-blowing strikers surged into the heart of the capital calling for "abdication."

A demonstrator climbed a lamp post and shouted for a minute's silence in memory of Achille Deny, who has just died from the injuries he sustained from the Royalists.

The death of Deny, who was knocked down by a bus during the stone-throwing battle at Lacken Palace last night, has been alternately announced and denied since then.

They observed a minute's silence. Their leaders then instructed them to assemble at the Socialist Party Headquarters later.

"To Lacken, To Lacken," they shouted. "This time we will reach the Palace."—Reuter.

Releases In Army Suspended

London, July 28.

The British Army today followed the Royal Navy in suspending temporarily the release of certain regular soldiers and in announcing a limited call-up of the Regular Army Reserve.

The War Office said that this was being done as a result of the decision to send land forces to Korea.

The instructions would take effect from August 1.

All voluntary retirement of regular officers, unless already approved, and discharge by purchase, except on compassionate grounds, would be suspended.

The instructions did not apply to the women's services, for which separate instructions would be issued.—Reuter.

EDITORIAL

What Is In The Wind?

RUSSIA'S bolt from the blue, Moscow's surprising decision to assert the right to nominate the President of the Security Council on Tuesday, poses one inevitable question, What is in the wind? Not the slightest hint had been given foreshadowing the Kremlin's intention. Unless Stalin's quick grasp at the bargaining weapon proffered by Mr Nehru in a well-meant attempt to get the Korean conflict stopped in its stride can be regarded as furnishing a possible guide, no clue has been given to Russia's motives, to what is behind a gesture so completely unexpected. Nor is it easy to reduce the potentialities to sound analysis. Dramatic, portentous, intriguing, promising—any of these adjectives might describe the development, which ranks as the most astounding emerging out of the diplomatic tug-of-war since the flare-up over Korea. All that can be said with certainty is that Moscow has a calculated design. Instinctively, having in mind Russia's past record for chicanery and duplicity, there will be little inclination to await a momentous disclosure of Mr Malik's objective in a spirit of optimism. What could be the only satisfactory outcome is at the same time the least likely: that is, a descent by Russia to reasonable co-operation, abandonment of the policy of boycott regarding United Nations' activities and a sincere endeavour to persuade the North Korean leaders of the errors of their ways. Russia, of course, has been deliberately enigmatic. Conforming to directive, Mr Malik has merely announced his wish to assume the role of President, set a date for the first meeting and declared that he would

subsequently designate the items he would require to be placed on the agenda. Indeed, suggestive of challenge rather than a peace mission, and speculation will most assuredly gravitate towards the alternatives. Presumably, a likely course to be pursued is resurrection of the issue of expulsion of the exile government of China from the United Nations and its replacement by the Peking administration. It may possibly be linked with an offer to join in mediation endeavours to solve the Korean problem. As Pandit Nehru insisted, that might conceivably provide an answer, but it is difficult to believe that the raising of the subject would result in anything but a stormy session. The United States and Britain have both made it crystal clear that the withdrawal of the aggressors in Korea to the 38th Parallel must precede my discussion on Peking's future status. And any prospect of gaining a majority vote have surely been nullified by the Soviet's behind-the-scenes activities in the Far East. Should that line be dominant in Mr Malik's instructions, Moscow's move could hardly be regarded as adroit, no more than could any attack on the legality of the June 27 resolution, condemning the Korean invaders and imposing military sanctions. Moreover, no attempt to sabotage the process of bringing the United Nations police force in Korea up to efficient strength is likely to be countenanced. Things have gone too far—there can be no retreat except it is by the offenders. For the moment, in short, misgivings over Russia's switch in tactics seem to be warranted.

NOT THE LAST

Dr T. E. Tsang (Nationalist China) said that the aggression in Korea was not the first and was likely not to be the last.

"The world today is pro-

foundly disturbed about when and where the next blow will fall," he said.

Dr Tsang added that North

Korean soldiers were fighting with a fanaticism only possible because of the enslavement of the minds of people within the Iron Curtain.

Mr. Bengal Rau made an appeal to North Korea "even at this stage to comply with the Security Council's resolution to withdraw to the 38th Parallel."

He explained at the outset why India had not been able to provide armed forces to assist South Korea.

"The truth is," he said, "that

the whole structure and organiza-

tion of our armed forces is

designed for home defence."

"Our internal needs at pres-

ent are such that we cannot afford to send any portion of

(Continued on Page 16 Col. 4)

Chiefs Visit Madame Tussauds



Three Paramount Chiefs from Sierra Leone, who arrived in London recently to study the British way of life, paid a visit to Madame Tussauds. Picture shows them looking at the Sleeping Beauty. (London Express Service).

INDIA'S FURTHER APPEAL IN SECURITY COUNCIL

Lake Success, July 28.

India today made a last minute appeal to the North Koreans to withdraw beyond the 38th Parallel in Korea to prevent a world war. Sir Benegal Narsing Rau, India's permanent delegate to the Security Council, said that whatever the outcome of the fighting was, Korea would be devastated and millions of people would suffer.

He stressed that India's aim had been to seek to bring the conflict to an end as early as possible.

The Security Council met to debate the first report made by General Douglas MacArthur on the Korean war.

The Soviet delegate, Mr Jacob Malik, was not present at today's meeting. He has not attended any meeting of the Council since last January, when he left the Council, saying that he would not return until the Chinese Nationalist delegate was replaced by a representative of Peking.

A demonstrator climbed a lamp post and shouted for a minute's silence in memory of Achille Deny, who has just died from the injuries he sustained from the Royalists.

The death of Deny, who was knocked down by a bus during the stone-throwing battle at Lacken Palace last night, has been alternately announced and denied since then.

They observed a minute's silence. Their leaders then instructed them to assemble at the Socialist Party Headquarters later.

"To Lacken, To Lacken," they shouted. "This time we will reach the Palace."—Reuter.

America Boosts Manpower

Washington, July 28.

The chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, Representative Carl Vinson, said today that the Army would boost its strength as fast as possible to 834,000 men—an increase of 240,000.

In addition, he said, the Army will spend US\$1,051,043,160 extra, over and above its present appropriations, on new tanks, guns and weapons of every kind.

The big Army manpower goal

point to yesterday's draft

call for 100,000 men and made it apparent that more draft calls were in the offing. Increase in Army strength will include undisclosed numbers of reserves and National Guardsmen. The Army at present has about 344,000 men.

Mr. Vinson disclosed the Army's manpower goals after General J. Lawton Collins, Chief of Staff, testified before the Committee during almost four hours of the executive session.

He was confident that this

phase was ending and that the

lines would be established and the Northern forces driven back from the territory they had overrun.

Dr. Carlos Blanco (Cuba)

said that the most significant aspect in the MacArthur report

was its stress on the fact that

North Korean resources were

superior to what they could

produce themselves.

Mr. Vinson's disclosures

together will boost manpower by about 642,000 men to total of 2,070,000. The present manpower total is about 1,428,000.—United Press.

TOMMIES STILL BEING HELD

The five British tommy

shaved over into Chinese

territory on Thursday were still

held by Chinese guards on the

other side this morning. Negotiations for their release are

ongoing.

The men—one NCO and four

other ranks—belong to the 1st

Br. Royal Leicestershire Regt.

—

Turks Ready To Sail

Istanbul, July 28.

Units of the 28th Turkish

Division were today reported

unofficially picked for the 4,000-

man Turkish force for the

Korean war.

Reports said Division units,

all trained in American methods

under the American military

aid programme, have been

selected and are awaiting United

Nations orders to sail for Korea.

—United Press.

N. Koreans Throw Shock Troops At American Lines

HWANGGAN EVACUATED AFTER NIGHT POUNDING

Tokyo, July 29.

Shock troops of nine North Korean Communist divisions hurled themselves at the American lines in Korea today in the opening stage of the biggest battle of the war. Front dispatches said the Communists were expected to throw their full strength of 45,000 men with powerful artillery and tank support into a do or die offensive within a few hours in a supreme attempt to smash the United States First Cavalry and 25th Infantry Divisions.

From rat-infested foxholes in the front lines came word that an all-out attack might start soon on a 40-mile front from the Yong-dong area to the area of Hamchang. "I consider the situation very serious," a commanding officer in the key sector said.

A new threat to the Allies in their southeastern Korean beachhead was reported in a United Press frontline dispatch early today. Front correspondent Jack James, with the South Korean Army, reported that a strong force of Communist irregulars was moving southwestward from the east coast port of Pohang, threatening to cut the Kunchon-Taegu-Pusan railway.

Elements of the 15th North Korean Division, about 800 strong, drove a wedge between the Sixth Korean Division and the American 25th Division, elements of the latter moving rapidly westward on the road to Pusan.

The communiqué also reported that the Communists were "continuing heavy pressure all along the front" and were making concentrated assaults against the First Cavalry's positions, southeast of Yong-dong.

American forces, after losing ground in the Hwanggan area, were "holding positions in a savage fire fight."

OUT OF HWANGGAN

With the First Cavalry in Korea, July 29, night-long artillery and mortar shelling by the North Koreans forced the Americans to withdraw from Hwanggan early today.

Other eight retreats were carried out along the central front in an orderly fashion.

United States B-29 Superfortresses, striking for the sixth successive day north and south of the 38th Parallel, today pounded marshalling yards at Pyongyuan, North Korean capital, and important river bridges at Seoul, former South Korean capital.

Pilots reported a column of smoke rising 5,000 feet into the air.

Frontline reports said that a see-saw battle raged near the east coast port of Yongdok. The 23rd South Korean Regiment was fighting a strong counter-attack on the outskirts.

Naval and shore guns plastered Communist positions during the night after United States warships threw up a blaze of star-shell illumination.

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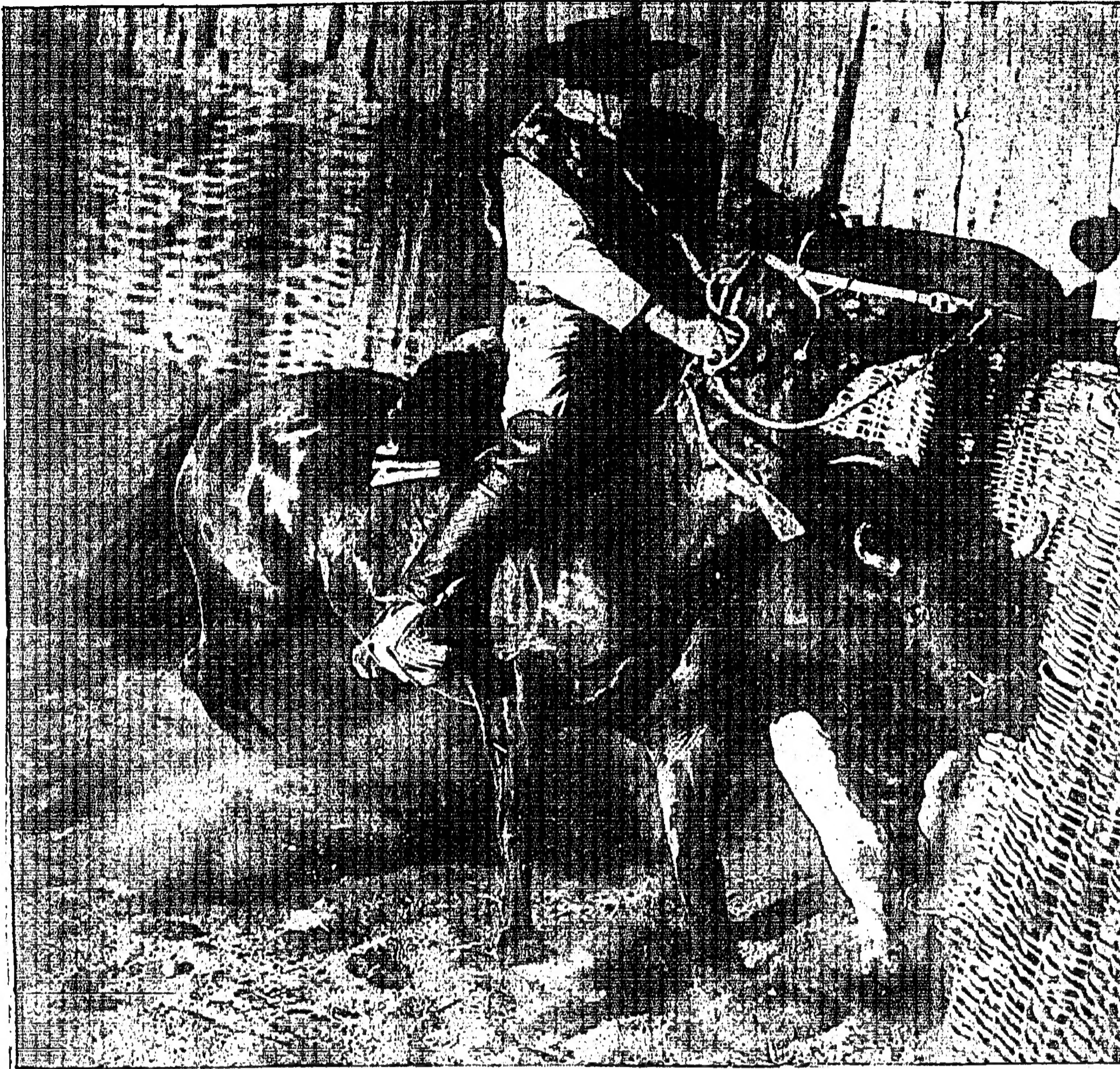
(Continued on Page 16 Col. 1)



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TAG WITH DYNAMITE ON THE HOOF



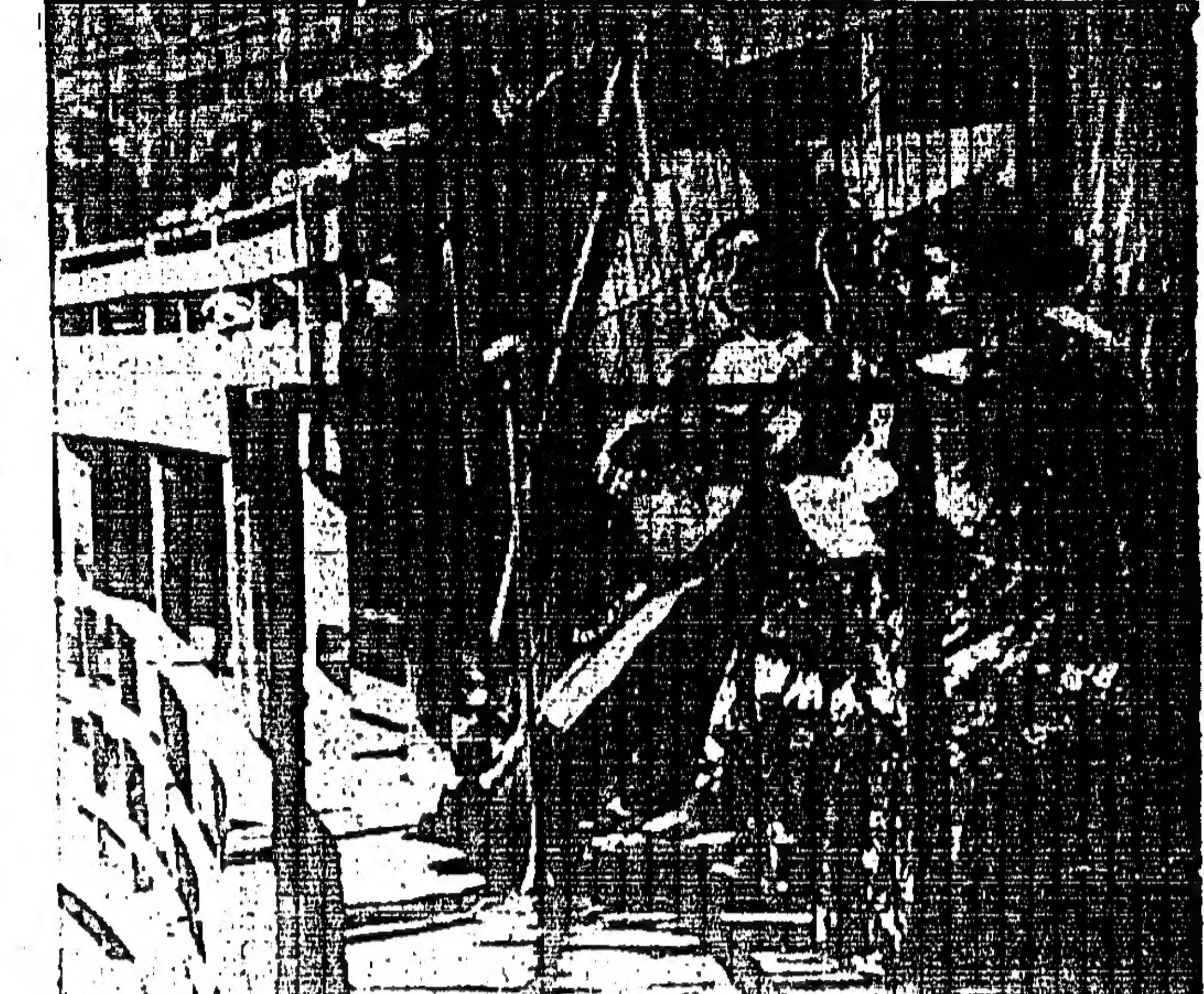
At breakneck speed, a crack Chilean cowboy pins bull against a stockade wall during a rodeo contest. Stopping bull by pressure on its neck earns one point for rider.



JUST WHEN the horseman was about to pin this bull by pressure against its side and score two points, it decided to sit. This eats up time and chances of winning.



AS THE BULL gets up and breaks away, second rider takes over. Three points, top score in the contest, is achieved by stopping the bull by pressure on its flank.



BETWEEN CONTESTS and at intermissions, spectators in the stands around the arena are entertained by a trio of singers. Two play guitars, the other the harp.

PLAYING tag is lots of fun — except when you're chasing and trying to corner a thundering bull composed chiefly of hundreds of pounds of massive muscle. Then — like many a Chilean cowboy — you may wind up in a hospital or escape with just bruises and lacerations.

Doctors and nurses will be in for their usual seasonal rush in the South American country now that rodeo time has arrived. The highlight of these Chilean cowboy contests is reached when two riders drive a bull around an arena, stopping him at a spot marked by flags along the wall of a cane-padded stockade. Then they must reverse the animal, drive him to another "stop" on the opposite side, turn him around again and head him back to the first spot for another "touch" against the wall. Each cowboy, known as a huaso, takes a turn at stopping the bull while the other drives him from behind.

An important role in the contest is played by the riders' horses. Years of training and careful breeding have developed nimble-footed mounts that instantly obey their owners. Unlike bullfights, which end only when the animal is killed, the Chilean sport permits the bull to "turn and run away and live to play another day."



ALTHOUGH SEATED on sidelines, the ladies play a key role in proceedings. A cowboy receives their smiling congratulations after winning one of the contests.



LEATHER LEG GAUNTLETS protect rider against bad bruises and lacerations, while wooden stirrups prevent foot injuries. Spur spurs, does not hurt the horse,



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FOUR SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

AWARDED THE GRAND PRIX INTERNATIONALE, 1949 at the CANNES FILM FESTIVAL AS THE BEST FILM IN THE WORLD!

A LONDON FILM PRODUCTION presented by ALEXANDER KORDA AND DAVID O. SELZNICK

JOSEPH COHEN
VALLE
ORSON WELLES
TREVOR HOWARD

in Carol Reed's latest production
"The Third Man"

U.S. Artillery and Tanks in Battle Against the Reds
ALSO: AAA Championships — Air Hostess Competition — Explosion at Portsmouth, etc.

ADDED ATTRACTION

LATEST ACTION NEWSREEL FROM KOREA
U.S. Artillery and Tanks in Battle Against the Reds
ALSO: AAA Championships — Air Hostess Competition — Explosion at Portsmouth, etc.

COMMENCING TO-MORROW

DARING UNDERCOOPER CRIME
HUNTERS OF THE ROARING DAYS!

The thrill-filled inside story of the most sensational train hold-up ever pulled!

SPECIAL AGENT

WILLIAM EYTHE
Star of the House On 9th Street

With GEORGE REEVES - LAURA ELLIOT - PAUL VALENTINE
Directed by WILLIAM C. THOMAS - WILLIAM H. PINE and WILLIAM C. THOMAS

Screenplay by Lewis R. Foster and Whiteman Chambers
Based on material by Milton Rosen

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SHOWING MAJESTIC AIR-CONDITIONED
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DON JUAN

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LINDA DORR
ROBERT DOUGLAS - ALAN HALE - RONNIE BROWN
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Captured North Korean Weapons.
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A THOUSAND MYSTERIES OF THE SOUTH SEAS!

SHARK WOMAN

ERROL FLYNN - CLAUDE RAINS
JOHN HODGKINSON - RONNIE BROWN
JOHN RUTHERFORD - RONNIE BROWN
JOHN RUTHERFORD - RONNIE BROWN

THIS FACE

A SEAT IN THE STALLS

The People who made "The Lost Week End" cut open the heart of a faded star—in a picture that will start the year's biggest film argument.



She dreams of a come-back to the screen—GLORIA SWANSON as the ex-film star of "Sunset Boulevard."

DO YOU SNIGGER OR SIGH?

I saw in London recently the advance copy of a film which will start a violent controversy between the over-35's, who remember the early Charlie Chaplins, the early Mary Pickfords, and the under-35's, to whom even these film celebrities are just names.

The title of the film is "Sunset Boulevard," the star is 51-year-old GLORIA SWANSON.

Her decision to make the film needed courage, for the script was merciless. It lit up the life of a film star twenty-five years after the high-point of her fame. It showed with almost sadistic emphasis the rust and ruin of a personality known to millions in the old days before the cinema talked.

GLORIA SWANSON was herself one of the big names in the silent days: herself the embodiment of the very van-

ties and extravagances which the script was satirising. And Gloria Swanson sold "Yes."

"Sunset Boulevard" is made by the team which did "The Lost Week End."

I predict the film will "split" the cinema-going public.

The over-35's—if they have a streak of sentiment and judgment—will find it a scorching mixture of a supremely talented mixture.

They work every day from just before noon, with breaks for parties (generally given by Morley), until late at night. Neither of them likes working between 9 and 11 a.m.

Arguing whether a scene should be set in the morning or at night NANCY MITFORD finally retorted: "You wouldn't know what morning looked like anyway." Producer Brook agreed.

He is 29 now, and feeling his age. Four years ago the critics were calling him "enfant terrible" and a prodigy. All because of his startling production tricks.

Now, with the formidable Morley in a play, the tricks are left on one side, and Brook says: "I'm no longer a daring young man. I leave that to KEN TYNAN (22). He makes me feel like an elder statesman."

For how can those whose memories don't go back to the days of JOHN GILBERT and VILMA BANKY, VALENTINO and BUSTER KEATON—how can they be touched by the mannerisms and manners of a vanished era in entertainment?

Yet the young ones may snigger.

But the older ones will also sigh.

You know how sometimes outside a cinema they say, "Children will not be admitted unless accompanied by an adult."

There should be a notice outside "Sunset Boulevard," too, "unless accompanied by someone over 35" it should say.

Nevertheless it will be pity if the younger ones take this warning too seriously. It will be a pity to miss this unique

of a film which vamps were super-vamps and the films had never heard of "messages."

"I'm still big," says Gloria Swanson. "It's the pictures that have grown smaller."

Maybe she's right.

Elder Statesman

ROBERT MORLEY, fresh

from a world triumph in "Ed-

ward My Son," is back in Bri-

tain.

PETER BROOK, fresh after

rather less of a triumph pro-

ducing at Covent Garden, flew

to Rome to show him a play,

"The Little Hul," adapted from

the French by Nancy Mitford.

Morley took time off from the

race-tracks and parties to say

"Yes."

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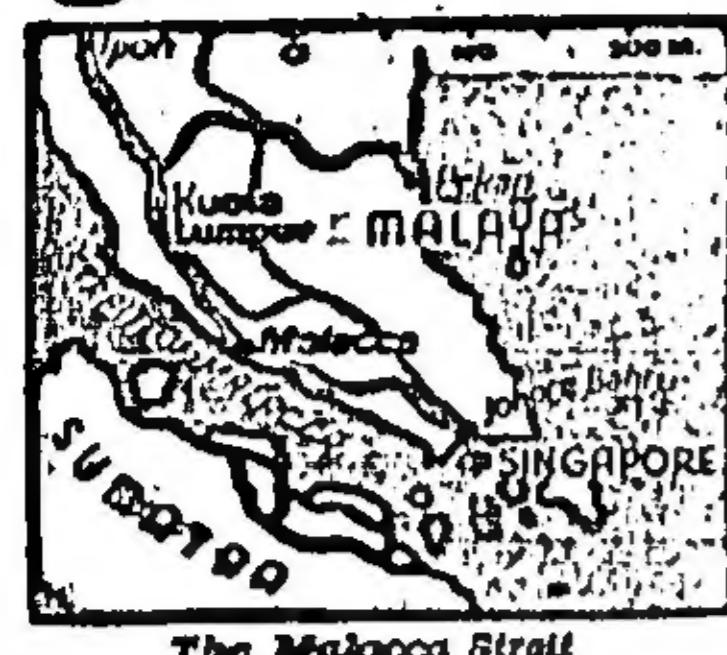
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for parties (generally given by

Frank Owen

—AS INTEREST IN THE EAST SWITCHES FROM TROUBLED LANDS TO DANGEROUS WATERS—JOINS A SMUGGLING CHECK OFF JUNGLE SHORES...

We go hunting guns in



The Malacca Strait

tricky waters

MALACCA STRAIT.
THE eight sampans look like caravan of camels on a desert skyline as they move in file across the sunset.

OUR OWN COURSE is set Nor' west.

OUR SHIP: H.M. Frigate Mounts Bay (Captain J. H. Unwin, D.S.C.).

CANON WARNER DEFINES A VAIN HUSBAND

P"My husband has always earned good money, but I have been given only sufficient to live on. To save I have had to give up all enjoyment such as going to the pictures. I hardly ever go out, do not smoke, and have never touched strong drink. Am I wrong in thinking that my husband should allow me more?"

HERE are few surer indications of a husband's character than the way he deals with the financial side of his home life. There are some husbands who have a deep sense of inferiority when they get married. This may be due to many causes of which the husband is totally ignorant.

When he gets married he has some kind of picture of the place he should have in the home as head of the household. If he is unsure of himself he will often show it by holding all the money-strings in his own hand.

* * *

By thus making his wife completely dependent on him financially he keeps her in dutiful subjection. This gives him the sense of power which basically his nature lacks. It pleased his vanity when his wife comes to ask for money.

A husband who feels no need to bolster his manhood by such crude methods will behave differently.

He realises that there are three directions in which all money coming into the home should go: first, housekeeping, rent, and all that is needed for the home and family; second, money which he can spend as he likes; third, a similar sum which his wife can spend as she likes.

Both husband and wife have the right to such sums, however small they may be.

Your husband earns good wages. His behaviour shows that he lacks confidence in himself and in his position in the home. You're a difficult problem to solve because the causes for this inferiority complex may go deep.

* * *

Take your problem to some wise counsellor whom your husband might be willing to see and who would put before him the unfairness of your position.

You can also yourself watch for opportunities of congratulating and praising him for the good qualities which no doubt he has. If he comes to feel that you see in him things to admire, and that you are not one who incessantly carps and criticises, he might well come back to a better frame of mind.

(London Express Service)

HER PRESENT VOYAGE: A 500-mile patrol of the coast from Singapore to North Malaya.

HER TASK: To halt and search all ships within the three-mile limit, and see that no man or gun or bomb is run ashore to the bandit forces in the jungle.

Since the tradition and practice of smuggling in these parts are as old as Cornwall's, it requires respectful study.

Towing the other seven sampans is a battered antique ditto decorated with fearsome fish-head paintings, and fitted with an outboard engine.

To her Mounts Bay's loud-hailer brusquely calls across the water in Malay: "Berhenti! Berhenti! (Stop, stop)!" The caravan comes unduly to rest.

Down goes the Mounts Bay whaler, seven oarsmen and acoxswain in lifebelts, and an officer with revolver at belt.

Down goes the Mounts Bay whaler, seven oarsmen and acoxswain in lifebelts, and an officer with revolver at belt.

Quickly we are alongside and aboard the "flagship" of the sampans fleet. The "admiral" wears a scanty loincloth and a large conical hat, and smokes a cheroot, the last two of which he politely removes as he produces his own and ship's papers.

All okay. So is the identity card of every occupant of every other sampan in his fleet.

So the whaler is soon home.

As many of our 160 men as can sleep in hammocks slung on the open deck, or lie on the deck itself. The night is clear, but the stars seem infinitely far off.

At two a.m. the engine-room bells awaken me. On the bridge is Captain Unwin, watching through binoculars two tall, ghostlike red sails, swaying in the beam of his searchlight.

Whaler again

AT the side of the bridge stands sailor with mounted Bren gun. He watches, too. Two decks below, the whaler crew stand by again.

"Berhenti! Berhenti!" commands the loud-hailer. "Jalak layat (Haul down sail)."

Down come their sails. And down goes our whaler again, our searchlights panning the junks on the upcurrent of the bay.

In our boat goes Leading Seaman J. Winter, 23, born at St Pancras, London, but taken at an early age by his mother to her rubber plantation in Sarawak.

John is the ship's invaluable Malay linguist. But he is no fool tonight, for neither of the two men nor the boy in the first sampan we board understands one word, being Chinese from Hainan Island.

They grin, produce no papers of any kind. Thoroughly we search, pulling up deck boards, peering in billets. But we find no bandits and no contraband.

"Search number two. Tell both to wait, while you return." When we draw a blank in number two, we go to the captain's side and pick up the captain's Chinese steward, smiling Mr Leung.

All found

NOW Mr Leung is a mainland Chinese, and has no affinity whatever with the mariners. Still, all Chinese people understand certain things like the British abroad. And very soon, squatting on the deck by the light of a lamp, Mr Leung conjures forth from his countrymen identity cards, ship's registration and fishing license.

With smiles, jokes (still untranslatable), and gestures all round, our crew pulls buck.

At 3.10, as lightning warns of a coming storm, our radar picks up a large tonkan, or motor-driven boat, lying inshore.

Now there is a drenching rain, driving wind and a swelling sea. It is not easy to come alongside our latest catch, or keep in touch with her when there.

Yet she has got to be "gone over" and thoroughly, too. For while her papers are far from satisfactory, her "mixed cargo" is extraordinarily mixed, even for Malacca Strait after midnight: it is fish, bananas, sugar, cloth, kerosene, ice, bricks, cement, rope, pineapples, tobacco.

Like Howe . . .

ALL this takes time to sort out, and Lieutenant Claude Upton does it as methodically as Ronnie Howe of Scotland Yard.

Above, there is a curious half-circle fringe between the light and the vast blackness, like a rainbow of mist in a cavern. And then into this smugglers' scene there glides a long, low merman, and passes slowly, silently by.

"She was a Japanese," says Lieut.-Commander Sangster, our frigate's Number One. When we got back, at least, having taken our tonkan friend in tow and into custody, to hand over to the police. "But she came so near, and seemed so inquisitive, I thought she must be a Russian."

Take your problem to some wise counsellor whom your husband might be willing to see and who would put before him the unfairness of your position.

You can also yourself watch for opportunities of congratulating and praising him for the good qualities which no doubt he has. If he comes to feel that you see in him things to admire, and that you are not one who incessantly carps and criticises, he might well come back to a better frame of mind.

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BILLY ROSE

He just changed partners

AT Lindy's the other night the conversation got around to the subject of heels.

"Present company excepted," said a vaudeville agent, "who's the biggest heel you ever heard of?"

"My candidate," said Ken Murray, "is that guy in San Antonio who put around since his wife's cornstarch when the competition she wasn't getting enough courage."

"Kid Stuff," said Milton Berle.

"My vote goes to Harry Ness."

"Harry Ness?" I said. "What up?"

"Harry Ness?" I said. "What up?"

"Well, according to Berle, Harry Ness (not real name, but pretty close) was a hoover who occasionally played the borscht circuit and who, when he did, was generally paid off in borscht. In spite of which, he seldom went hungry, and for this he had his over-workin' wife, Evie, to thank."

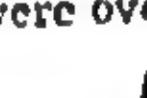


EVIE wasn't much to look at, but she was devoted to the hoover and didn't mind running a switchboard to keep him in vim and vitties; nevertheless, though he would have been strictly from famine without her, Harry was always sniping at her.

His biggest beef was about her cooking. To hear him tell it, she was the worst cook who ever cut a finger opening a can of beans.

One afternoon, after gorging on a splash pie, Evie had left for his lunch, the hoover got out to make the rounds of the booking offices, and at one of them he got to chit-chatting with an adagio dancer named Zelma, who was flat nowhere, but in the feet.

When she explained she was looking for a new partner, he gave her to understand her worries were over.



AFTER a few weeks of rehersal, the new act was ready, and for a tryout Harry fast-talked himself into a date at a minor Catskill Mountain resort.

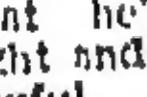
He said nothing to Evie when he packed his bags that Friday, but he was sure he'd never again set eye on his dowdy dame.

The act opened on Saturday and you could have cut the silence which greeted it with a damp rag. The hoover, of course, figured there were only two things wrong with it—his partner and the audience.

A few mornings later, while reading a copy of Variety in bed, he saw across a headline which made his eyebrows do a rumba: "HOOFER'S HELPMEEET COPS QUIZ CASH!"

The article went on to report that the wife of Harry Ness had guessed the name of a mystery song and been awarded £2000 dollars.

Within the hour, Harry had checked out of the hotel, leaving a tender note for Zelma: "Sorry, baby, the gel stinks and I miss you." And just before boarding the train, he wired Evie that he'd be back at six that night and missed her something awful.



ALL the way to New York, the hoover kept thinking about what he was going to do with the two grand—there was that powder-blue gaberdine in Nat Zelma's window; there was that torch singer he'd been meaning to date as soon as he got his hands on a few bucks; most important of all, there was the restaurant, where a man with the kind of élan could give his palate a workout.

But when he got home, he found neither half nor hamshaw of little Este-only note on the kitchen table.

"Dearest Harry, like you always told me I knew all along, I was not good enough for you, and now that I got hold of a little cash money I am going to Nevada, where I can get a divorce, and not be a burden any longer. Goodbye forever and best of luck, Evie."

"P.S.—I left your supper in the冰box."

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IT BECAME QUITE COMMON FOR ME TO WIN £30,000 ON A CARD:
THEN ONE NIGHT I LOST A SUM THAT RAN INTO SIX FIGURES'

"They say a fool and his money are soon parted"

by LORD BROUGHAM
AND VAUX

MET my creators in the Official Receiver's Office in Bristol recently and admitted I owed them £18,158.

No doubt the world has gained the impression that I have squandered £500,000 and that today, through reckless living, I am on the rocks with a mere £543 to my name. That sum was stated to be my assets.

I have been invited to explain my financial troubles. I have already admitted in public that I was a great gambler.

They say that a fool and his money are soon parted. This article, then, must be in part the confessions of a "fool." But the only reason why I agreed to write these words is to correct the idea that all my life I have been just a spendthrift. This is not true.

The first point to clarify of which £20,000 went to my mother.

Thus, apart from the capital placed by me in the marriage settlement, I started life as the young Lord Brougham at the age of 21 with £100,000.

My deepest instincts had been for country life. I had spent the last 18 months of schooling at Oundle in learning how to farm, and later studied estate management in the office of a large country estate.

Then I enlisted in the Scots Guards and lived on a small allowance from my mother.

Although I could not use my inheritance until I came of age in 1931, I was able, because of my prospects, to get unlimited credit.

This undoubtedly helped to set me off on the wrong road.

Shortly after my majority, I married and lived at Brougham Hall in Cumberland. It was far too big, the cost of upkeep was immense.

For all my wild-out sowing I am far from broke, and within three years I hope to discharge my liabilities in full.

All my adult life I have been haunted by people being under the impression that I inherited £1,000,000 from my grandfather, when I succeeded to the title in 1927. I was then 18.

This million pounds is a myth. The amount was about £500,000 but after double death duties were paid I received £300,000, and out of this I drew up a marriage settlement of £150,000.

The balance I kept free and gave my family and some friends about £50,000, I won nearly £70,000.



Lord Brougham and Vaux

you do you break the spell of luck.

Shortly after my return to Britain I decided to stop gambling. I sold all my horses. My family came to my assistance and enabled me to get straight.

From that day I have had only three bets on horses—never more than £5—and I have successfully tested my will-power by looking on at the casinos as a mere spectator.

Most of the cash left at my disposal I tied up in a trust which cannot be touched until my eldest son comes of age in October 1953.

I admit I enjoyed myself while my extravagance lasted—and so did my friends, for I gave away money generously, often £1,000 at a time.

I dispensed extravagant presents. I gave £5,000 to a friend out of debt. I made a point of never lending, I always gave.

But although I had reformed, more misfortune came.

A good deal of my property in London was destroyed in the blitz, and increased taxation reduced the income from the money settlement which I could still draw on.

When I came out of the Army in 1945 I had about £8,000 of debt.

Friends started me up again, and it is to them I owe most of the £18,000 outstanding to-day, but they have never pressed

THE MONEY I won meant nothing to me except that it enabled me to help unemployed families and do other good deeds which I shall not name.

My fortune is estimated at from £25,000,000 to £80,000,000. But most of it is underground—perhaps 200,000 million barrels of oil, by his own estimate.

The U.S. oil industry had an over-production crisis.

McCarthy could not sell oil. He needed cash. Korea changes all that.

With the loan he can develop his 12,500-acre new Ulm field—one of the richest strikes in recent years. The crude oil output is running at 5,435,350 barrels weekly.

Prices are going up. Texans

said McCarthy would kill himself by overwork, go bankrupt,

or become the richest man on earth. Now they favour the third prediction.

WILL THE KOREAN WAR SPREAD?

Both the United States and UNO are betting it will not.

On a national broadcast the Security Council president, Arno Sunde, of Norway, and delegates of America, Australia, and Holland risked their reputations as diplomatic seers by predict-

Never lend

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People read with incredulity

a report from Cannes in 1931

saying that I had mislaid

£8,000 in two despatch cases

after depositing another £16,

000 in a bank at Cannes—all

winnings from a week's play-

ing. This was correct.

Only very occasionally did I

lose. But when I did I enjoyed

it, since there was a satisfaction

in seeing some of these whom I

had bet had got back a little of

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FRIENDS of Captain and Mrs. J. Chinnell who attended the christening of their infant son, Robin Michael, at St John's Cathedral last Sunday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Diocesan School Old Boys' Association at a dinner given last week at the Kam Ling Restaurant in honour of Mr Kwok Chan and Mr E. C. Fincham (seated third and fifth from left), who were recently appointed to the Urban Council. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Arthur Duncan Brengan and his bride, formerly Miss Valorio Joanna Kulbacki, who were married at the Registry last Saturday. Below: Mr and Mrs Brengan receiving the congratulations of friends at the reception, held in the American Club. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



A SMALL part of the large crowd watching the ballet numbers (left) presented by pupils of Miss Axalos Reynolds at the dance in aid of the Hongkong Anti-Tuberculosis Association at the Hongkong Hotel last week. The dance was sponsored by the Chinese Club. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE Director of Medical Services, Dr Hon. I. Newton, buys a token at the Chinese Club dance in aid of the Anti-TB Association. Left: Mr Dick Shim, Mr Peter Sin and party. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MISS Winnie Wei, who won first prize for sopranos at a schools' musical contest held at St Paul's College last week. (Sun Ying Ming).



GROUP picture taken at a party given by Wellesley II Lodge, RAOB, at the Married Families Club, Kai Tak. (Jimmy Foo)



THE Hongkong Branch of St John's University Alumni Association held a picnic in the grounds of St Stephen's College, Stanley, last Saturday. Above is a group picture of those who attended, and, on top, a snapshot of the father-and-son race, one of the most amusing events on the afternoon's programme. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

a few only —————
in white, navy and black

Straws

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

WOLSEY STOCKINGS WITH ELASTIC TOPS

They have no turnover, are shrink-resisting and stocked in nigger and these colours: blue, maroon, cherry and cream.

\$6.50 A PAIR

SHORT SOCKS

Of similar make are to be had in cream, grey, orange, navy and copper.

\$5.00 A PAIR

MACKINTOSH'S AIR-COITIONED STORE 13, CHATER ROAD.

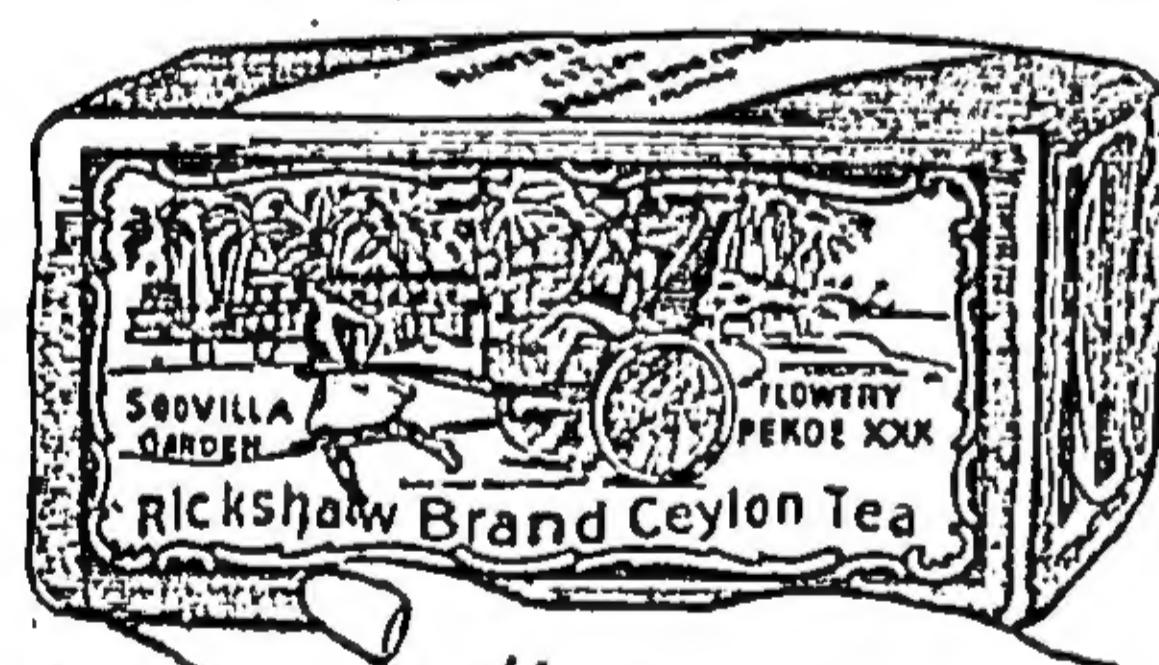
LATEST SILK EMBROIDERED



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Bols de rose and beige printed purples make this draped afternoon frock by Molyneux. It is covered again in overstripping and patterned fabric.

A Tale Of Gloved Beauty



Dots, frills, and mesh . . . That is the latest news in gloves. You can buy them in nylon, pique and fine or broad mesh . . . flounced, embroidered, sequined or in multi-colours. The three styles (shown here) picked by Barbara Goalen are among the season's gayest. The picture above by John French shows her wearing a pair in pale blue spotted voile. The gloves are washable, look best with plain dark outfits.



White mesh with a navy blue finger inset.



Pink nylon . . .



Dusty pink nylon with the two-fold flounce.

—(London Express Service)

Perfume Allure

By HELEN FOLLETT

PERFUME dramatises a woman's loveliness. The right kind, the elusive, enchanting scent, can weave a spell around a girl whose face and figure are only casually attractive; a strong, pungent scent can disqualify a really beautiful woman.

There are perfumes that are "cool" and there are others that are "warm." For this season of the year you need not be told which kind you should use. There are delicious woody blends that are perfect for the girl who travels over the golf course, who skips around the tennis court.

For wear in the evening when you dine and dance you can take your choice all the way from the single florals through elusive blends or bouquets. While the bouquets seem to be in the lead, if you have a romantic attachment for jasmine, mimosa, lily of the valley, violet or even rose, you will find them at perfume counters. They will remind you of old fashioned gardens, bring back memories of your childhood days and give you a lift.

The wise woman will seek out one of those little kits containing complexion powder, bath powder, cream and toilet water of the same fragrance. This practice is a money-saver in the long run, and a grand satisfaction to the owner.

—Summer Freckles

If you freckles are of the transient kind, that appear only in summer, you can keep them off the facial premises by correct cosmetic attention. The skin that is kept creamed will not be likely to gather golden speckles.

After washing your face with a good soap at bedtime, dry it thoroughly and well, anoint with a cream of firm consistency. Give the flesh a three-minute brisk tapping, forcing the emollient into the tissues. Let the cream remain on overnight. In the morning rinse with clean tepid water, dry, sponge the skin surface with a lotion made by combining equal parts of peroxide and strained lemon juice. The peroxide must come from a freshly-opened bottle.

Let the lotion remain on for half an hour, then remove it with tepid water and apply a foundation cream. This cream, aided and abetted by a light film of powder, will act as a protective agent.

Never use soap and water directly before going out of doors or immediately upon coming in. Have your lathering sessions at bedtime.

"Men seldom make pauses
At girls who wear glasses."

Is It True?

COPPER PLEATS



From among the first fashions in the new autumn collections comes this afternoon frock in copper-brown wool, pleated at the left side and buttoned over the hip.

—(London Express Service)

NOW that we wear gold-framed glasses for glamour, and rhinestone-studded lucite adds to the come-litter look after five, it's hard to recall those dead but not dear days when our grandma quipped:

"Men seldom make pauses
At girls who wear glasses."

And reminiscing a bit further, remember when a girl would pass up her best friends on the street rather than wear glasses that would permit her to see them? And when Father held the evening newspaper at arm's length because he thought eye-glasses would dole him?

Mama—poor, proud Mama—carried a magnifying glass around in her handbag and insisted that she certainly DIDN'T need glasses?

NOT BEING SEEN

Of course, to do Mama justice we do have to admit that until the first gold frames made their sensational appearance a few years ago spectacles helped seeing, but not being seen.

Now everybody wears them, even the beach beauties who wear those decorative "dark glasses" not so much to protect their eyes as to focus other eyes in their direction.

Perhaps the film stars had something to do with demonstrating the fact that glasses are now very much inclined to show flattering attention to girls who wear glasses. It was the very glamorous Joan Bennett who first created something of a sensation by blossoming out with a whole curved line along the top edge of her face.

• Round: Choose angular shapes.

• Square: Either curving frames or a combination of straight lines along the top rim, blossoming out with a whole curved line along the lower.

• Oval: The top rim of the frame should be even with your eye brows and as wide as the widest part of your face.

• Triangle: Frame has to be slightly rounded along the top edge to contradict the width of temples.

• Round: Choose angular shapes.

• Square: Either curving frames or a combination of straight lines along the top rim, blossoming out with a whole curved line along the lower.

Shorter and shorter go the skirts

PARIS COLUMN . . . by Poppy Richard

Jackets have cleverly-cut lapels, important pockets. They are tightly-waisted and finished with extravagantly-cuffed sleeves.

Skirts are generally straight, super-light, vented on one side only. At elegant gatherings they are growing shorter and shorter.

White hats remain the smartest to match with white handbags, gloves and shoes.

Frocks are super-simple. Soft, fuzzy-surfaced materials are dressed, although couturiers say that women prefer weaves that do not stretch.

Trousers lead; spots are the popular design.

One hat I saw had natural mink wound round the crown in a pill-box style. It is mounted

caramel-coloured veiling tied tightly round the head to hide all the hair and held at the base of the neck with a grosgrain bow.

The same designer picks gay scarlet for a vagabond travel hat cut unevenly round the brim and trimmed with patches of felt, looped round the crown with cord.

New fabrics

Autumn fashion interest, at the moment, is mainly concerned with the showing of the coming season's fabrics.

Colour is brighter than ever.

Soft, fuzzy-surfaced materials are dressed, although couturiers say that women prefer weaves

that do not stretch.

Metal touches are smart again in oversizing and

embroidered and checkered.

Nylon is often incorporated

in fancy weaves and has

established an important place

for itself among haute couture

fabrics. Latest designs—flower-

heads and "blisters" effects—are obtained by a shrinking process.

Visitors to Paris are always

fascinated by the shop windows.

The French—with their ingenuity and imagination—are

first class at presentations of

this sort. This is the season of

special "fortnightly" displays

promoted by syndicates shop-

keepers in the fashionable

streets.

L'amour

Every year the Faubourg St. Honore chooses a theme for individual display. This summer it is "l'amour," which lends itself to all manner of romantic interpretations. Romeo and Juliette

decorate one window, Tristan and Isolde another, the depart-

ture of a chevalier to the

Crusades a third. There are

cupids galore in the faubourg...

love letters and love poems...frivolous love,

coquettish love. An antique

dealer has hit on "Divine Love"

with a display of tapestry,

prayer-stools and lilies.

A black silk-woolled dog

with a fuchsia satin garlor is

perhaps more in the picture,

in a beauty parlour window.



White-spotted navy cloth is paired with a fuchsia satin garlor in a beauty parlour window.

—(London Express Service)

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

MODERN OR CONVENTIONAL

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

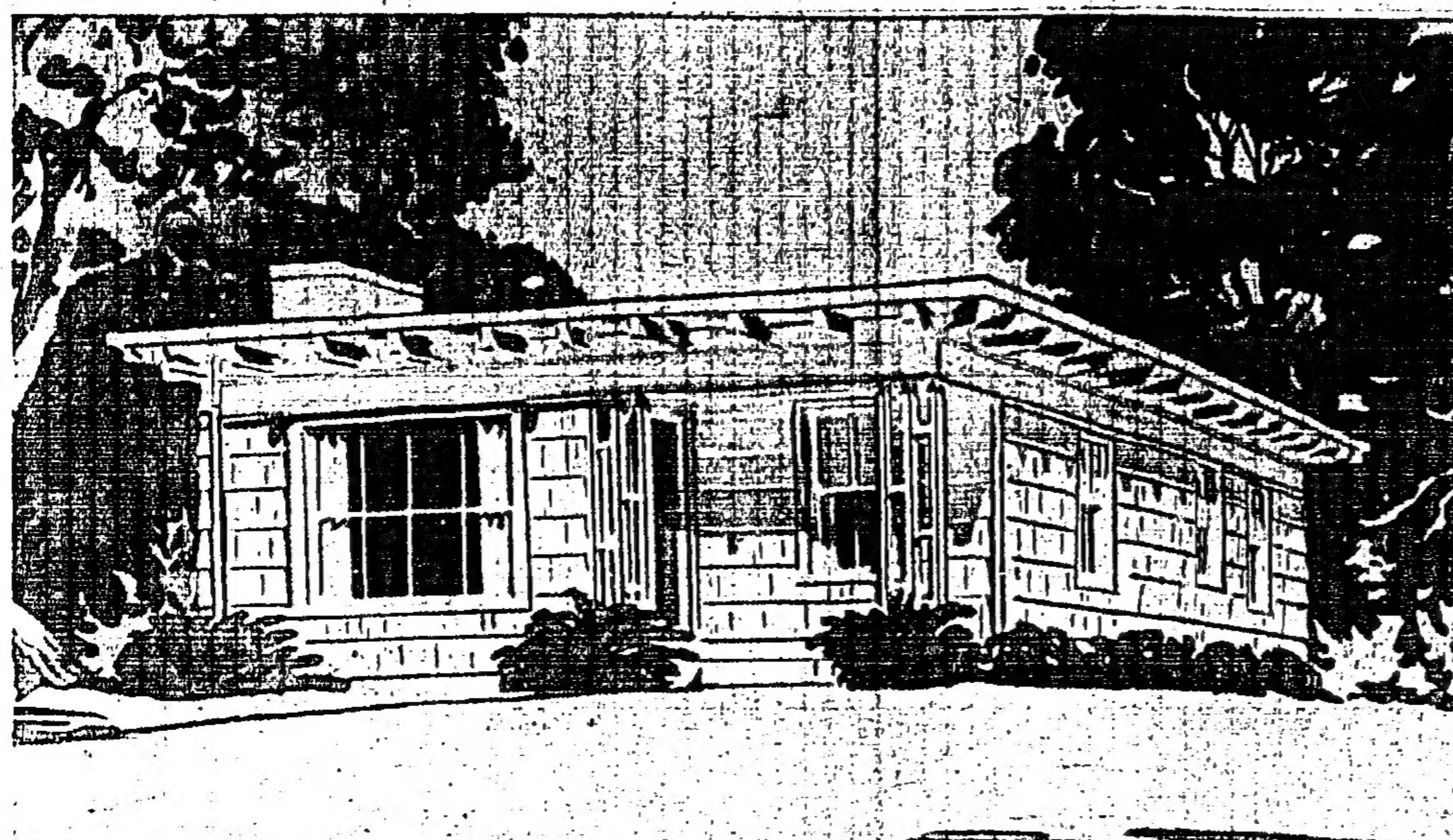
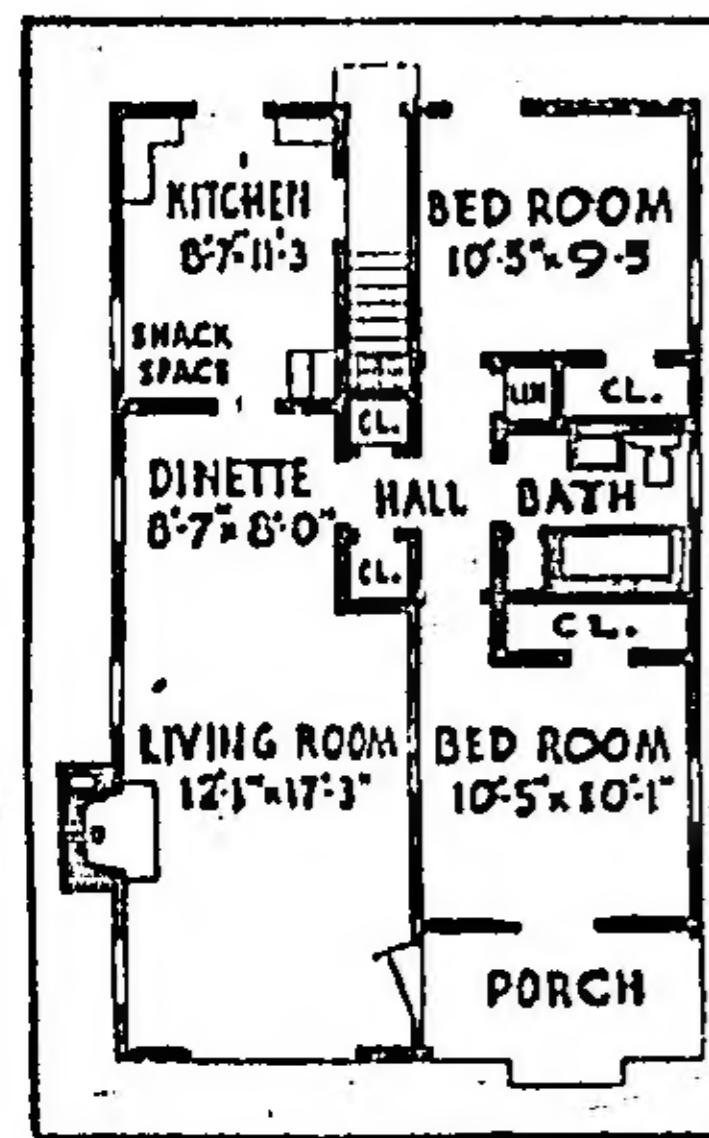
MAKE a wish, and if it's for modern mode, you can have this house with a flat roof and the low look that's 1950 now. Or, if your heart's desire calls for conventional, the same house appears with slant roof and cozy cottage charm.

Whatever the choice, the interior remains the same, and a delightful arrangement it is! Hallway style, the living room leads into the dinette, which, in turn, opens into the kitchen. This efficiently takes care of three important functions of a home—cooking, eating, entertaining.

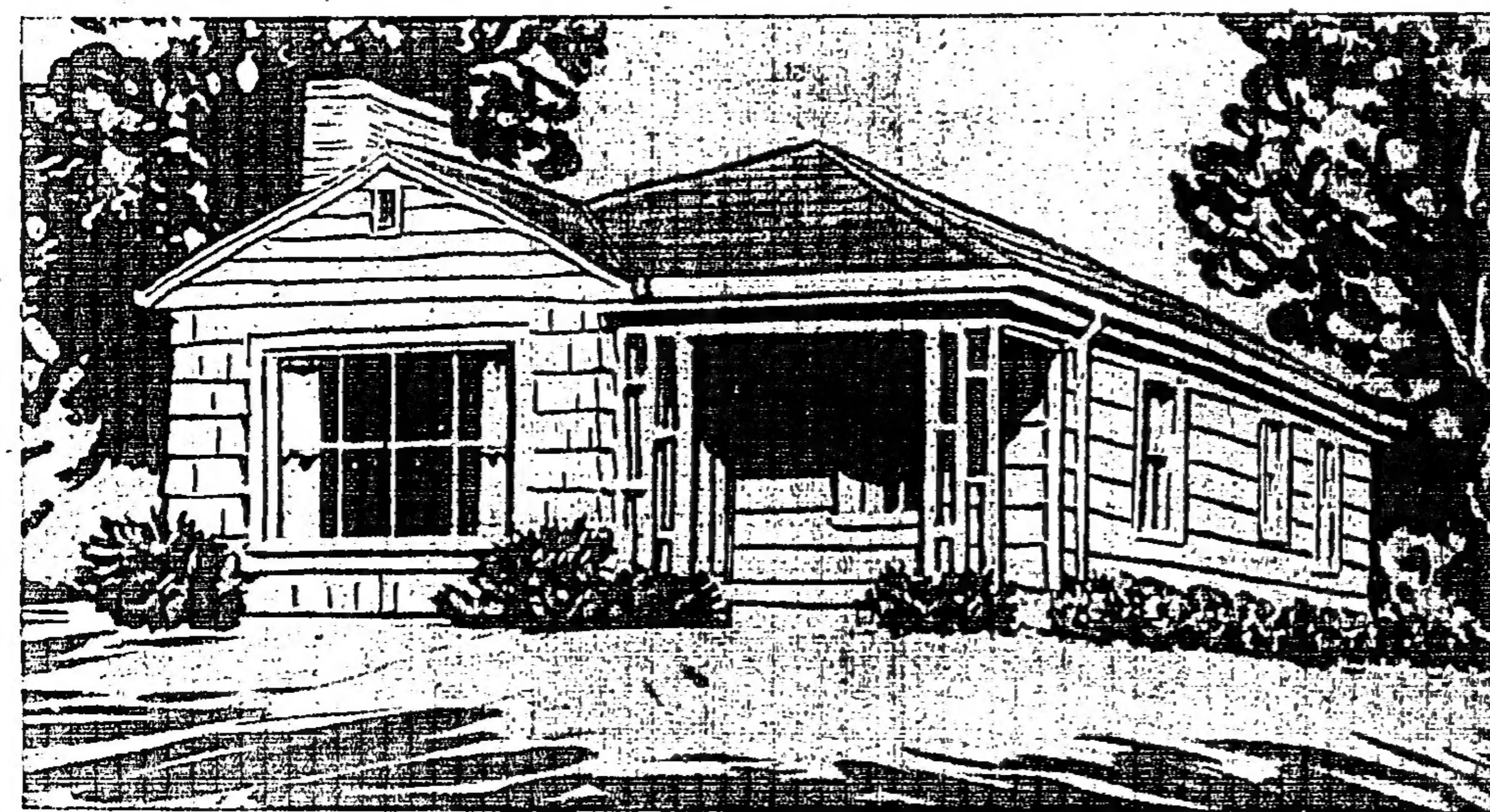
The living room and the dinette make a large combination room. There's a fireplace and three windows, one of them a popular picture window. The kitchen has a sunken space that's just right for family breakfast.

Sleeping quarters are just as efficiently arranged. Pretty well cut off from the rest of the house, you enter them through a hallway off the dinette—and there are two closets in this hallway to take care of an overflow of wardrobe or storage. Each bedroom has ample closet space, too; in fact one closet runs the length of a wall. There's a linen closet, as well, and in the bath a ratorate space for towels.

The narrow width of the house makes the design ideal for a medium or small-sized lot. The modern home takes up 16,011 cubic feet; in conventional design, 14,224.



NEW AS NYLON, as modern as 1950! That's this house. The flat roof gives it the low look that's being featured in homes from coast to coast, notably in the popular houses of the Far East. Here's a home that's really different—striking, up to the minute.



THE SAME HOUSE, different treatment. Built in a more conventional manner with a slant roof, this home has a cozy cottage charm. The architect was generous with windows. They add to the exterior design and shed plenty of light on the interior. Note picture window.

ROOMS are arranged rail-way fashion. Two bedrooms are connected by a bathroom. Living room leads to the dinette, which opens into the kitchen and the snack space.

How To Remove Burn & Stain On Fine Wood

By ELEANOR ROSS

A CIGARETTE burn on fine wood is a bad sight.

One good method is to use silver polish containing a very fine abrasive. If you work on it carefully, the burned spot should blend into the surrounding area.

How It's Done

Put a small amount of silver polish on a folded and lightly dampened soft, clean cloth—pad about the size of your hand. Stroke the burned spot lightly, working with the wood grain and covering an area at least three times the size of the burn.

Don't be alarmed when the area treated becomes lighter than the rest of the surface. This is from the cleansing action of the silver polish. Apply furniture polish or wax that contains a dye. To conceal the lightened area, apply the polish as many times as necessary to restore colour.

Buff the Surface

When the burn has blended in with the surrounding area, buff the entire surface. Should heat marks fail to respond to a polishing with furniture wax or a cream polish, try the treatment outlined above for burns.

When perfume, medicine, alcohol, beverages, are spilled on furniture, blot the liquid immediately with a soft, clean cloth, being careful not to spread the liquid as you blot.

If, despite this, the surface is still marred or stained, work upon it as soon as possible, using the treatment for burns outlined above.

To erase water marks, place a clean, thick blotter on spot and press with a warm—not hot—iron until the rings disappear. Again, if this treatment doesn't work, take to silver polish, pad and coloured wax or polish as outlined for burn marks.

Modern Medicine Makes Use Of Baths

By Herman N. Bundesen, M.D.

FROM earliest times, mankind has regarded bathing in certain springs or waters as beneficial to health. That this contained the germ of a sound idea is shown by the extensive use which modern medicine makes of bath, even though today we realize that, as a rule, tap-water is just as good for this purpose as that from medicinal springs.

In other words, the effective element in a bath does not seem to be its chemical composition. We do know that the temperature of the water and the changes which various temperatures bring about in the body are beneficial.

For example, the application of cold water over a short period of time lightens and narrows the blood vessels in the skin. This, in turn, brings about pallor of the skin and chilliness. The cold also stops the action of the sweat glands.

The amount of heat lost from the body is decreased, and the internal temperature rises slightly. The pulse and breathing rates are increased.

WITHIN 20 MINUTES

Following this, there is a reaction which is usually complete within 20 minutes. This consists of stretching of the blood vessels in the skin with

a feeling of warmth. Then there is a gradual relaxation of the body, with a slowing of the pulse and breathing rates, and a drop of the patient's internal temperature.

Similarly, heat will also cause certain reactions. The effects produced by the heat will depend upon the amount of heat and the way in which it is applied.

REACTIONS

Moderate heat will relax the blood vessels at the surface of the skin. Higher temperatures will be followed by contraction of the skin blood vessels.

After a hot bath, the rate of sweating may be increased to 50 times the normal amount.

Hot baths may be used to produce fever which, in itself, is helpful in the treatment of some disorders.

It is also known that the number of white cells in the blood increases in proportion to the body temperature. For instance, if the hot bath raises the body temperature to 101 degrees, there will be an increase of about 3000 in the white blood cell count.

Warm baths have proved beneficial in the treatment of aching muscles, symptoms of muscular fatigue, neuritis, muscle inflammation, and spasmodic constipation.

Warm baths, followed by cold baths, seem to be helpful for patients with low blood pressure and anaemia.

Alternate dipping of the arms or legs into warm or hot and then into cold water may be helpful for improving the circulation in the arms and legs. Of course, such treatment should be carried out under the physician's directions.

'BABY' WON TUNE OSCAR

The song "Baby, It's Cold Outside," from the "Metro-Goldwin-Mayer" musical "Neptune's Daughter," won the best tune Oscar. The hit smash was written by Frank Loesser, Red Skelton and Betty Garrel, collaborated with handsome Ricardo Montalban and glamorous Arlene Dahl in presenting the tune at the awards presentation.

Your Sewing Scrapbook

by Mary Brooks Picken

Ruffled Frock For Small Fry

RUFFLED frock for the small fry is a delight when ironing is not a bug-a-boo.

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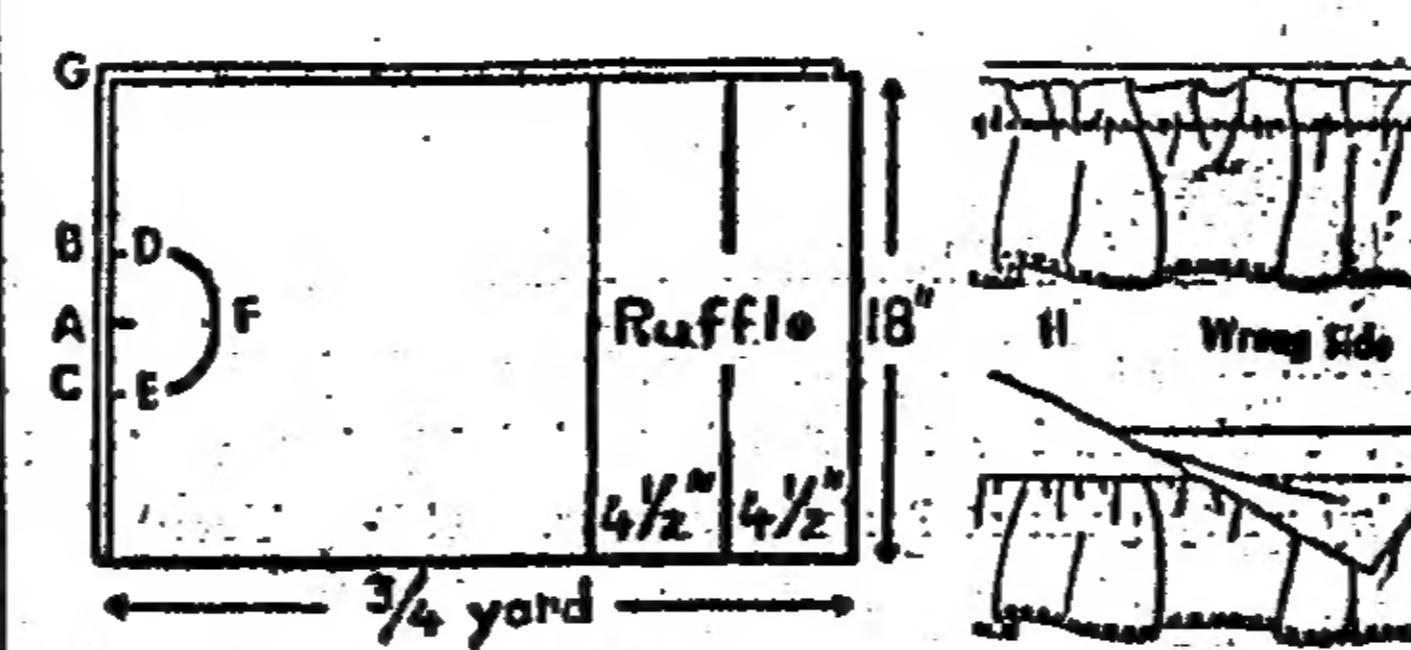
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MONDAY: THE LACK-EDGED BED JACKET

Five Simple Rules For Tea-making

HOW do you make tea? There are five rules which must be observed, says Bill, of Fenchurch Street, E.C., the expert.

Bill—he asks that his full name shall not be disclosed, to conform to a trade custom—is a tea-taster.

It is a job which can yield at least £1000 a year.

The first tea-taster in the family was also Bill—the present Bill's great-great-great-grandfather—in 1700 when tea was just becoming popular.

Since then the fathers have taught their eldest sons the art of tasting, and called them Bill.

Teaching his son

Now Bill is keeping up the tradition, and is already teaching his schoolboy son.

Here are Bill's tea-making rules:

1. Use fresh cold water.
2. Warm the pot.
3. Pour the water on the tea leaves as soon as it boils.
4. Put the lid on immediately.
5. Leave to stand for six minutes before pouring.

Amount of tea used depends on personal taste. Adding a second lot of hot water only weakens the tea strength in the pot, if properly made.

25 years' experience

Bill is 50 now. He has been tasting tea for 25 years, but says he has only been an expert for ten.

"It takes at least five years to become reasonably proficient, and 15 to be an expert," says Bill, who tastes as many as 300 samples on a busy morning.

"Tasters actually rely 75 percent on sight and smell, and 25 percent on the palate."

The tea is made in little pots with handles and lids, and is poured into cups without handles, similar to the first tea-cup, for tasting. But tasters do not swallow it.

"We couldn't keep going if we had to drink all we taste," Bill said.

I like a cup

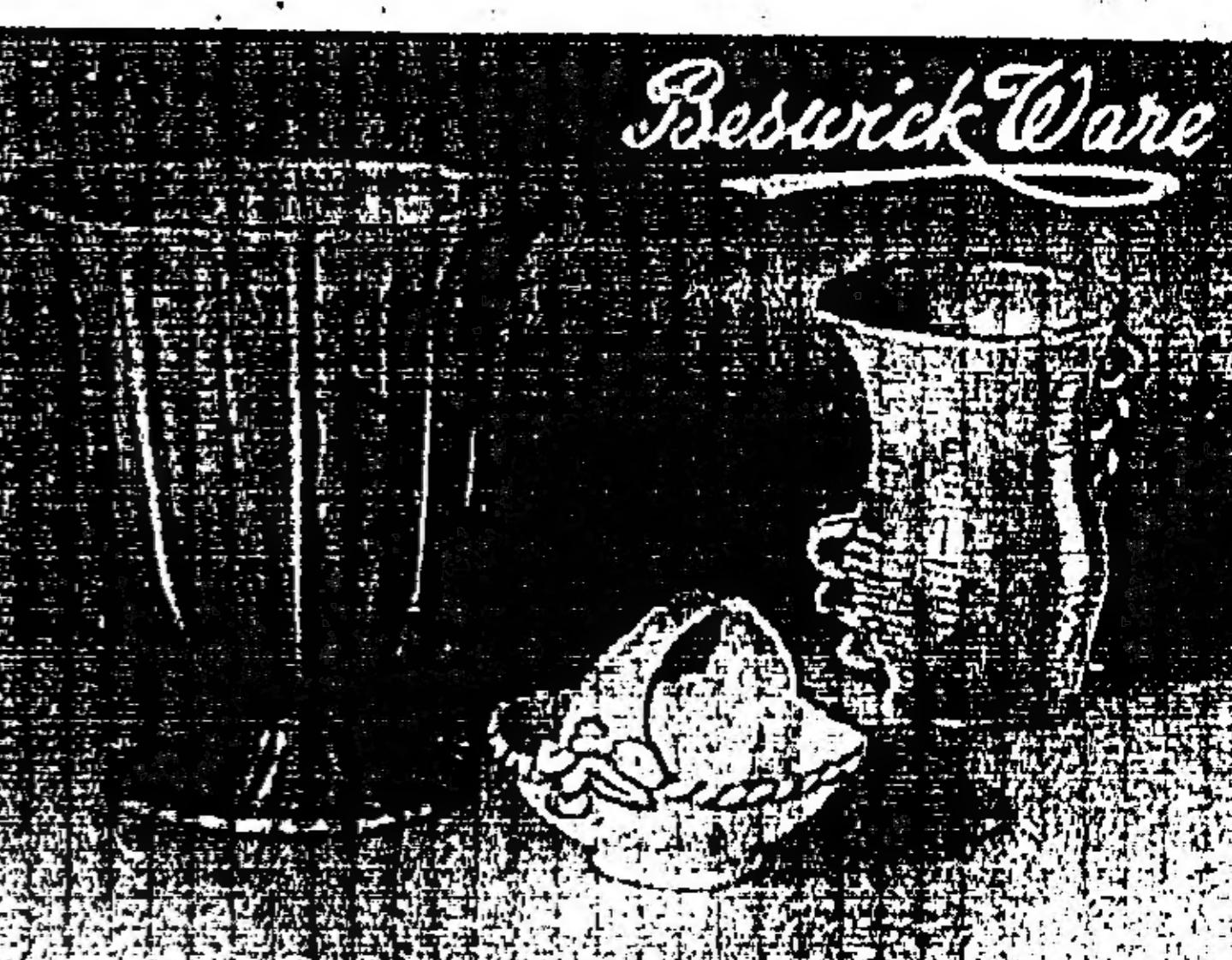
"But I'm very fond of a nice cup of tea. I think sugar spoils it, but milk is essential to bring out the taste."

He is appalled at some of the bad tea which is sent to England these days and says housewives should always buy the best they can afford.

"It is economical really, for the better the tea the less you need. Also people don't realize the importance of making tea correctly."

—(London Express Service)

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—(London Express Service)

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post and Hong Kong Telegraph Staff Photographers are on view in the Morning Post Building.

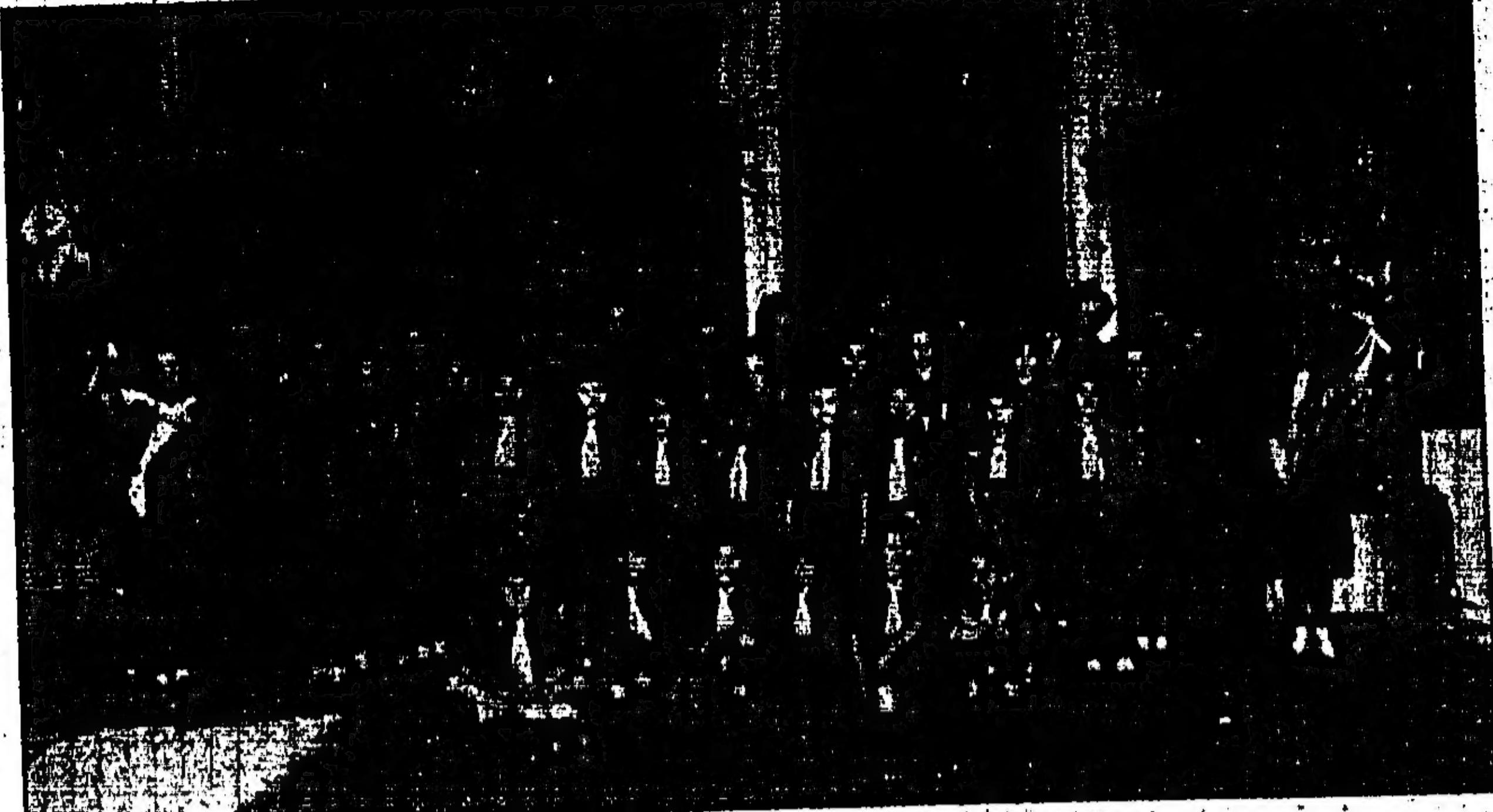
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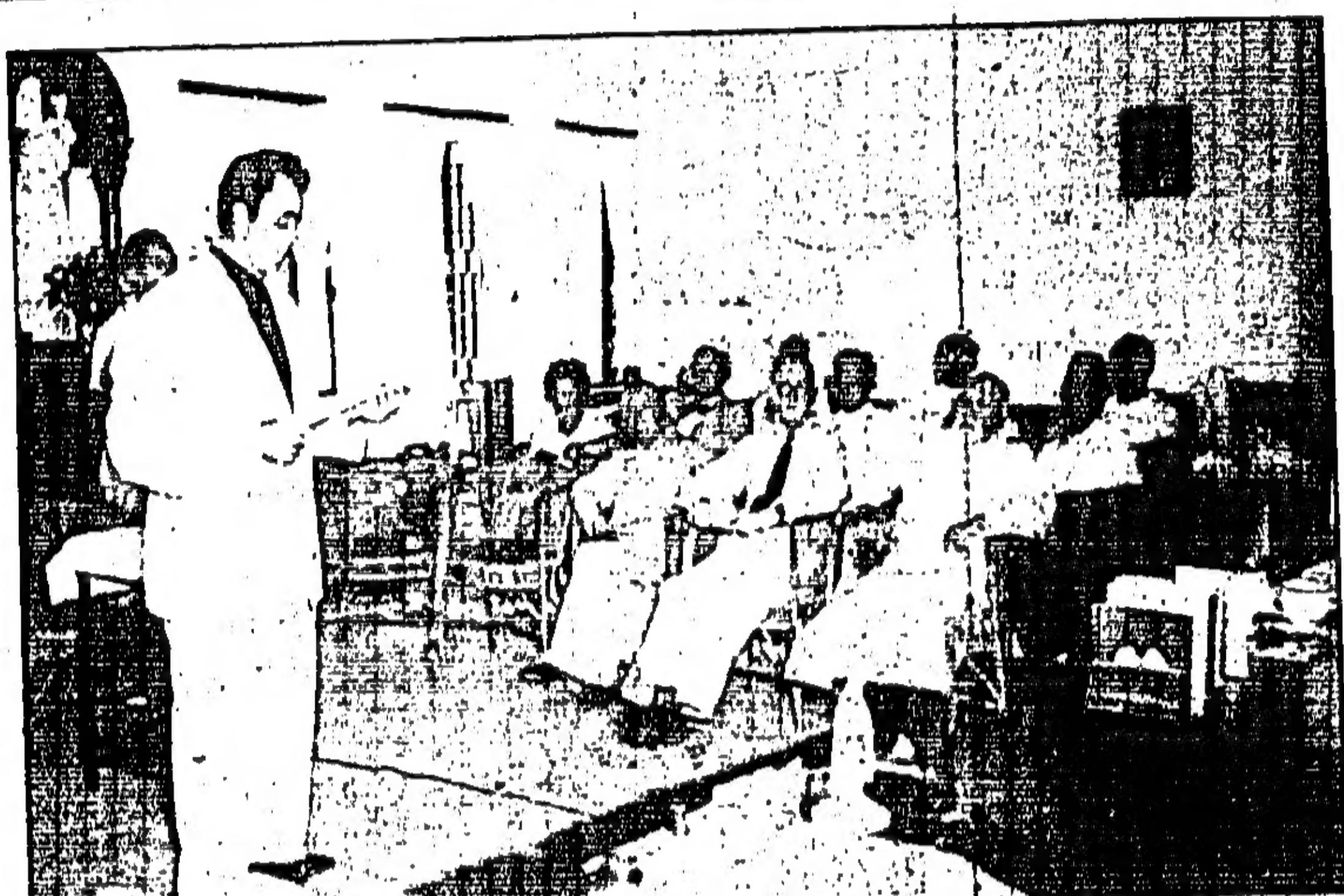




THE challenge cup at the Colony Inter-school swimming sports, won by Wah Yan AM School, being presented to Chaung Kin-man, captain of the team, by the Director of Education, Mr T. R. Rowell. Left: the start of the backstroke event. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE 1st and 2nd Kowloon Girl Guide Companions and Brownie Packs at St Andrew's Church on Guide Sunday. (Mainland Studio)



AT the Teachers' Summer School held at the Regional Seminary, Aberdeen, last week. Fr M. J. Morahan, SJ, is seen speaking at the opening session. In the front row on the right are the Hon. Sir Shouson Chow, Mr T. R. Rowell, Director of Education, and the Hon. T. N. Chau. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Society of St Vincent de Paul shown at their recent annual dinner held at the Catholic Centre. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR L. Starbuck, Assistant Director of the Royal Observatory, giving a talk on typhoons at last Saturday's fifth meeting of the Wah Yan College Past Students' Association, held in the Hongkong Hotel. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Council of the Wah Yan College Past Students' Association for the year 1950. (Ming Yuon)



MRS A. McIndoo, wife of the Assistant Manager of Taikoo Dockyard; giving away prizes at the Taikoo Chinese School's annual graduation ceremony. (Ming Yuon)



GROUP photograph taken at the Hongkong Chinese YWCA Volunteer Workers' Study Conference, held last week. (Mao Cheung)



RIGHT: Mr F. W. Dally and Mr Jay Kano, of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (fourth and fifth from left), photographed with Hongkong Government labour officials and Chinese labour leaders after lunching with His Excellency Mr J. F. Nicoll, Officer Administering the Government. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MISS Marjorie Bottomley, (fifth from left, middle row), daughter of Mr J. H. Bottomley, of the Public Works Department, and Mrs Bottomley, celebrated her twenty-first birthday last week. Picture was taken at the birthday party given at Peak Pavilions. (Ming Yuon)

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International Crooks Fought By International Police

By Mark Priestley

ON the eve of arrest, a big-time embezzler slipped out of Britain on a cheap excursion ticket to Ostend, caught a night train to Switzerland, and a plane to Madrid, and finally established himself with a phoney passport in a hotel in Mexico.

Five days later the local police pulled him out of bed and hauled him to prison. His lawyers assured him that extradition proceedings would never succeed. But they were wrong.

A wily Belgian jewel thief knew that close watch was being kept for him in France but he succeeded in entering England through the Southern Ireland route, and found himself lodged in a London hotel within 24 hours.

Both these swift victories against international crime were due to Interpol. The long-neglected idea of an international police force is now a fighting fact. From its headquarters in the Rue des Saussaies, Paris, the International Criminal Police Commission today spans a crook-catching web through 35 member nations.

Call-Sign

WITH the call-sign, IPCQ, it even has its own radio network based on 14 radio stations, implemented by new ones recently opened in Trieste, Luxemburg and Jerusalem. When an exceptionally skillful currency smuggler was arrested in Tel-Aviv, the Israeli police radioed a telegram to Paris reporting his fingerprints to Paris as a matter of routine.

Interpol checked against the 35,000 names in its criminal record files. For quick reference it had the known aliases and thousands of fingerprints of all crooks likely to operate across the world's frontiers. The currency smuggler, they reported, had operated in Belgium and Bulgaria and was also wanted for dope trafficking in Berno.

This enabled the Israeli authorities to check on the suspect's dope-smuggling activities, though hitherto unknown to them. As a result, they exposed a dope-smuggling highway running through Sochi, Istanbul and Cairo.

Customs Fraud

IN Greece six international racketeers devised an intricate customs fraud. Through stooges in the Greek customs service they embezzled nearly £200,000 in receipts before they divided the spoils and scattered.

As soon as their identities were known, Interpol got cracking. Teleprinters flashed descriptions and records. The police of nearly half the world's ports were alerted. Within two months, one of the crooks was picked up in Tehran. Two others were detained in Switzer-

Forged Currency

AS a result, a lonely French farmhouse was raided. Beneath the floorboards were wads of forged American currency to the face value of £60,000. Another fake currency case, commenced on information from Holland, led through the British zone of Germany to Switzerland and Italy and ended in a hectic gun battle in Milan.

A British soldier home from Greece took four gold sovereigns to a small provincial bank to sell. He had obtained them quite legitimately, but Bank of England experts recognized them as nearly perfect forgeries. Though they were gold, they were 19 carat and not 22 carat.

Through Interpol flushed the forger; that similar dodgy sovereigns might be in circulation. Sure enough, as soon as the police and banking officials of other nations were put wise to it, other counterfeit sovereigns came to light.

Watered Down

THEY were discovered by the thousands in Turkey, and hundreds turned up in Egypt, Palestine and Yugoslavia. Without arousing suspicion, the men who had passed them were painstakingly traced to Piraeus, the port of Athens. A gang of 13 Greeks had put 21,000 watered-down sovereigns into circulation.

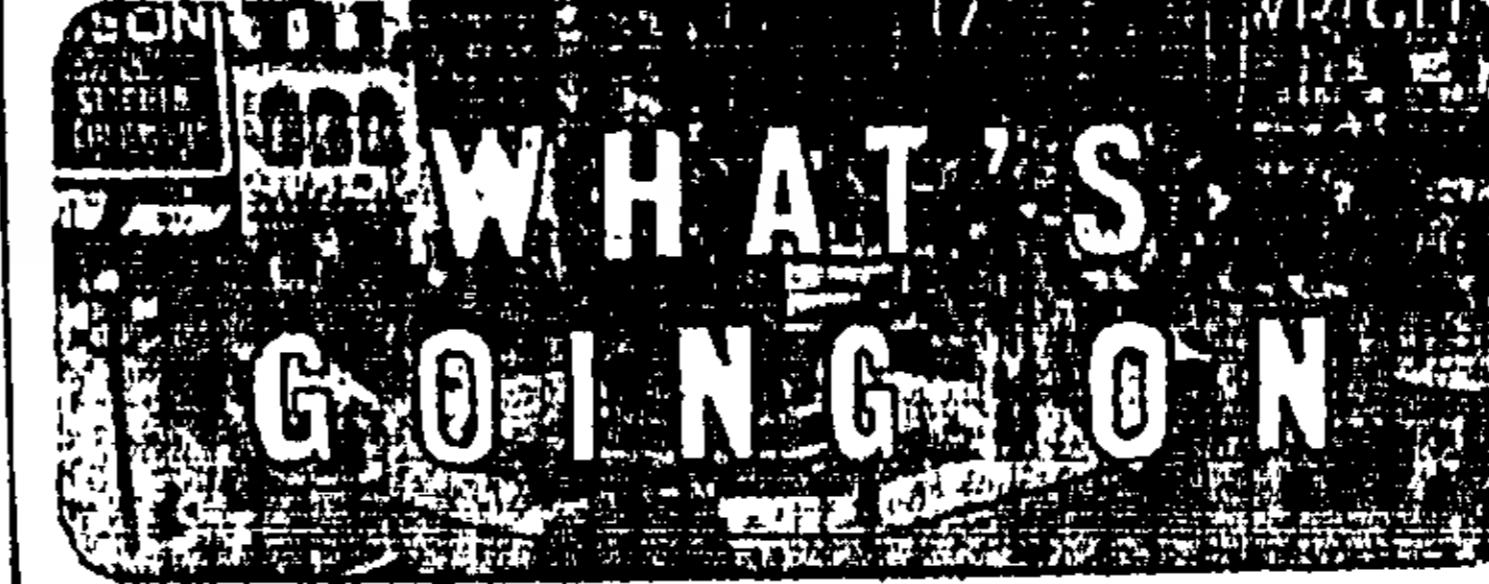
In another case, a suspect was traced at record speed when the Swiss police reported through Interpol that he considered himself an irresistible lover. Last seen in London, he had disappeared. Scotland Yard checked on every known woman associate, and even scrutinized their bank accounts. The clue came in an application for Danish currency from a Mayfair mannequin. Cross-questioned, she spoke vaguely of her plans for a business trip—but just in case she was acting as cover-up, Denmark was warned.

Denmark had news of the suspect, but he had slipped through to Sweden. Sweden reported that he had sailed for Australia. Thanks to these round-the-world messages, Interpol got its man.

Even Iron Curtain nations co-operate in fighting the criminal, Sydney police met the liner, and both Poland and Czechoslovakia were represented.

Interpol's first laurels were decided to bring its police force gained in tackling the flood of up to international scratch, counterfeit money, that poured Scotland Yard was asked for through Europe after the war, two senior advisory officials

"I submit to the Court that the plaintiff's attempt to interfere with my client's rights by grabbing my client's cash is plainly illegal; and if the Court declines to accept this view, that fact itself will prove that the Court is incompetent, corrupt and utterly base."



by EPHRAIM HARDCastle

ON the brilliant blue and white south coast of France another season is in full swing. It is a season with a difference, for at Cannes and Cap d'Antibes the old order changes.

Who is toast of the town? A high-born beauty from Paris or London? A princess, a duchess, a New York heiress? It is Mlle. Maryse Delort, Miss France of 1950.

Rich Americans, with villas and yachts, are few; so are British "Milords." The Anglo-Saxon contingent consists for the most part of sightseeing tourists, though the British flag is kept flying by three yachts at present in Cannes harbour.

They belong to the Earl of Dudley, Group Captain Loe Guinness, and the Hon. Mrs Reggie Fellowes.

Richest and ritziest visitors come from Italy, where the aristocratic and big business classes, bolstered by matrimonial and commercial contracts with America, maintain a way of life which is no more than a memory in most European countries.

But here is the biggest of all the changes in Riviera fashions. Many of the women this year are shunning the ultra-violet rays; it is "à la mode" in the evenings, to display shoulders and back of purest white, and not of golden brown.

Leader of this fashion is Rita Hayworth; but her husband, Aly Khan, remains the most sunburned-looking man on the Côte d'Azur.

It is an exciting afternoon,

watched by a gay but整形 crowd which included Princess Elizabeth, who was driven down by Lord Mountbatten in his own car.

The Argentine team, mounted on magnificent ponies and attended by a picturesque group in sombreros, played a dashng game to their own accompaniment of bloodthirsty yells.

Well-played polo is a wonderful spectacle, I am sure that if it were properly advertised, and played later in the day, Londoners would flock to see it.

The up train

WHEN Lt-Colonel W. M. Musgrave-Hoyte, one-time chairman of the Manchester Stock Exchange, arrived at Liverpool from Dublin one morning he found that there was a train on to Lancaster at 9.43.

But he was told at the barrier that he could not board the train. The reason? It stopped at Lancaster only to pick up, not to set down.

Thanks to Interpol, the art of the law has never been longer.

BRIDGE NO ONE DARES TO CROSS

By JOHN GODLEY

ASTARA (Soviet-Iran frontier). TEN yards from where I am standing is the Russian frontier.

Through this quiet Caspian village frontier flows a lazy river: south of it is Iran; north of it is Russia.

A single bridge spans the Iron Curtain and connects the two halves of the village, khaki with black caps. They carried rifles with fixed bayonets and were watching me through field glasses.

Here, on the south side, flutters the Iranian flag—red, white, and green in horizontal stripes. Across the river is the red flag of Russia.

In the centre of the bridge is an ornate wooden archway decorated with a hammer and sickle. Beneath the archway are ornate iron barrier bars—the way. It is never opened.

I drove for five miles along the south bank of the river. Both banks were heavily barbed-wired. At intervals of a mile along the river the Russians have built look-out towers 50ft. high.

On the platform of each tower I could see two armed Russian soldiers. At night they use searchlights.

To guard against intruders? Or to prevent prisoners escaping?

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BEVERLEY BAXTER, at the THEATRE, examines the

Advantage of being



BENNY

London
NOT all theatre critics write notices in the newspapers. Many there be, and they are by no means unimportant, who speak up their minds and speak them loud and clear even if their audience is no larger than the person next to them.

I encountered such a one when I stole into the Palladium for Mr Jack Benny's act and took up a position on the extreme left of the stalls.

The amiable and gifted Mr Benny wandered on to the stage with those lazy, drawing legs and proceeded to chat with us at the microphone.

M BENNY was in no hurry and neither were we. Every now and then he stopped, talking and looked at the wings or towards the boxes with an unceasing disinterested gaze as if the vast theatre held no one but himself.

It was in one of these pauses that young man in the row behind touched me on the shoulder and said: "Excuse me, could you tell me who this is?"

I said that it was Jack Benny.

Ten minutes later, while Mr Benny was looking at his finger nails as if he had never seen them before, the same young man leaned forward and asked me when the man on the stage was going to do something.

As quickly as possible I explained that Jack Benny had not said anything, which was his peculiar genius. "Thank you," whispered the young man, who was perfectly sober and had very good manners.

AFTER a while the ebullient A Phil Harris arrived and after some pitter-patter with his chief burst into a Boogie Woogie negro song which consisted of many words sung at great pace.

It was a lengthy song and before it was finished there came a tap on my shoulder from the critic in the row behind.

"He isn't even trying to sing," he said earnestly. Out of the corner of my mouth I explained that Mr Harris did not really sing, which was his peculiar genius and accounted for his extraordinary popularity. "Thank you," murmured the critic.

After what seemed an hour or so, the immortal Rochester appeared, the man who voice is like a tank travelling over loose gravel.

He is a plump, good-natured dork with a modest but lively appreciation of his own humour, which is as it should be. He sang a song, although nature never intended that he should. Then he danced, although the law of gravitation keeps his feet

rous our reluctant admiration for taking on so formidable an antagonist. In fact Robert Atkins displayed many of the characteristics associated with his immortal namesake Thomas.

There is a charming Portia, and the thin crescent of a new moon looked down upon a scene of absolute enchantment.

REGINALD DECKWITH is a skilful fellow with a rare sense of comedy, but he is wrong to make an imaginary Communist revolution in Britain a theme for laughter.

It is true that the audience laughed a lot at the Embassy Theatre when the Reunion Theatre Guild presented Shepherd's Warning, but that is a tribute to the actors rather than the author.

It is a goodly company which the Guild has gathered together, and he is a fortunate dramatist who is served by Joyce Barbour, Jack Allen, Henrietta Watson and Emrys Jones.

One must be cautious seeing a young actress for the first time, but I was much impressed by Miss Anna Turner whose portrayal of a Huddersfield Communist leader of firm purpose and amorous instincts was a little gem.

(London Express Service)

BOOKS & PERSONS ... by HORACE THOROGOOD

Bull's eye for Mr. Lea

NOT satisfied with one reputation, Tom Lea, American painter of murals and book illustrator, suddenly made himself another by writing a novel. The Brave Bulls. Published in the States last year, it jumped into the top-seller list. We had it from Heinemann in May.

How did he do it? His father, for 45 years old-style frontier criminal lawyer, was Mayor of El Paso, Texas, during 1915-17 Mexican Revolution. Lea, as a child, saw the rebels take Ciudad Juarez. He learned to ride at three years old, spent his summers on ranches with cowboys and Mexicans.

French without tears

More versatility. Novelist Violet Trefusis is Scottish born, lives in France, and writes as easily in French as in English. She has just published a novel in French, Les Causes Perdues. In June she had a new one in English, Pirates At Play (from Michael Joseph). Set mostly in prewar Florence, the chief characters are a Papal diplomat, an English peer and a Spanish prince.

American actress Billie Burke's autobiography With A Feather On My Nose, is due

DAB and FLOUNDER

—by WALTER



NEW BOOKS BY GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

Sacked from Eton

—BUT HE BECAME A HAPPY FAILURE

WILLIAM CORY, By Faith Compton Mackenzie. Constable, 2s, 210 pages.

WILLIAM CORY is one of the most remarkable and mysterious failures of the nineteenth century. For what is left of the man and his work?

Eight lines, found in most anthologies beginning:

They told me, "Hercules, they told me you were dead, They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed,

And the Eton Boating Song.

The rest of Cory is forgotten, although his book of poems, Jonica, which sold 311 copies in 14 years, is now a collector's prize.

Yet Cory, under his original name of Johnson, was once almost famous; he was one of the great Victorian school-masters; a man of independent and eccentric mind.

By birth of a Devon family with an Indian fortune, by inclination, man of action, he was barred by weak eyesight from the Navy; and became a lustrous academic career, an Eton master in 1845.

Reckless, Balfour, Halifax, Grey, Lyttleton, Brett, Spring-
field—such were the young men who sought to influence him. In politics, he was a strong Whig, passionately interested in politics, he was, as he saw it, conducting the education of a ruling class.

Reading his letters to the youth who became Lord Esher, an extraordinary impression is created of a vigorous mind using numerous learning to illuminate current affairs for the benefit of the rising generation of an Empire's governors.

Billie was daughter of a famous American clown, also Billie. She married Flora Zlenfeld, Jun. (of the Pollens).

A King remembers...

Memoirs of King Abdullah of Transjordan, direct descendant of the Prophet Malakon, are to be published by Cape. He speaks no Western language, but is an accomplished writer in Arabic and Turkish. His MS. translated by G. Khuri, is being edited and revised by journalist Philip Graves.

Stuart Chase, author of The Proper Study of Mankind (Phoenix House) was a classmate at Harvard with T. S. Eliot and Walter Lippmann.

He is an economist, poet and political commentator, and argues in this book that only

revenue can abolish the evils

revenue has created.

What had happened? A parent had complained to the

school song says:

Eton boys, Eton boys, boys of

the good old school,

Some make for fame, some

make for shame,

While others through life

play the fool.

From Mrs Compton Mackenzie's rather untidy narrative, the main outline of the story remains elusive and aloof.

* * * FAITH COMPTON JACKENSON, wife of Compton Mackenzie and sister of Christopher Stone, is the gat-wife of William Cory.

A THE LOTTERY. By Shirley Jackson. Collected. 10s. 6d. 306 pages.

Suddenly, in a matter of a few days, all this busy, elegant life is destroyed for ever. In

his fiftieth year Johnson leaves Elton—it would be stupid to pretend that he was not dismissed. He regains his fellowship at King's College, Cambridge. He changes his name to dead-soft from Johnson to Cory. And he retires to a small estate in the West Country.

What had happened? A

parent had complained to the

school song says:

IN FAIR OF ELLEN. By Freda Tepper. Father and Father. 12s. 6d. 210 pages. An account of the Rev. Michael Bent's championing of the rights of the disabled, crippled people threatened with physical disintegration.

* * * THE CAPTAINS' DEATH BED. By Captain John Howard Price. 10s. 6d. 224 pages. Extracts from the diaries of the British Admiralty officers

missing at a good dinner table, where everybody has ample leisure to do nothing but think, eat, drink, pay attention—and not the slightest effort to interrupt.

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London Express Service

a lottery. The winner is, according to custom, stoned to death. In this kind of story the reader is so busy looking for the meaning that he is liable to miss the fun.

No, give me the story called Charles.

Every day a little boy named Laurie brings back from his kindergarten some new tale of the misdeeds of a character named Charles. One day, Charles has kicked the teacher; another day he has enfeoffed a little girl into saying a very rude word to the teacher. Laurie's parents are increasingly anxious to meet the mother of this pest.

At the Parent-Teacher Association meeting, nobody looks haggard enough for the part. So Laurie's mother talks to the teacher, who says that Laurie often a little trouble adjusting in now a fine little helper, with lapses. Laurie's mother supposes it is Charles's influence.

"Charles," says the teacher, "we don't have any Charles in this kindergarten."

* * *

SHIRLEY JACKSON, 29, lives in Vermont, U.S.A.; wife of Stanley Edgar Hyman, of the New Yorker; has three children.

* * *

A MURDER IS ANNOUNCED, By Agatha Christie. The Crime Club. 8s. 6d. 266 pages.

Somebody puts the light out in Miss Blacklock's cottage and has a good try of murdering the old lady, killing himself in the process.

That is the way things look. But what has really happened? The exact opposite of what seems to have happened, of course. Old Miss Blacklock is the killer.

Still, it is ingenious of Agatha Christie to keep this simple conception alive during the 250 pages of her 50th crime story, Non-vintage Christie.

* * *

AGATHA CHRISTIE, in her 50s, with grown-up daughter, is married to Max Mallowan, the archaeologist. She accompanies her husband every year on expeditions to the Middle East.

—(London Express Service)

* * *

THE HIGH PLACE, By Geoffrey Household. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d. 210 pages. A new novel for Mr. Household to have written.

About an international secret society for the purposes of attacking all countries of every kind everywhere. Its head is a beautiful woman who ought to have better things to do.

* * *

FROM the flood of war novels swamping Germany, first to be translated for the benefit of the British is "The Odds Against Us." Author is ex-infantryman Hans Werner Richter. Publishers—MacGibbon and Kee.

* * *

Over to Spain. "The Spanish Gardner," by A. J. Cronin, will appear in autumn.

—(London Express Service)

* * *

THOUGH Bangkok is one of my favourite cities, "Anna and the King of Siam" are not to my taste. For her next story, "Never Dies the Dream," Margaret Landon has chosen the colourful background of the Siamese capital again. I'll try again, too.

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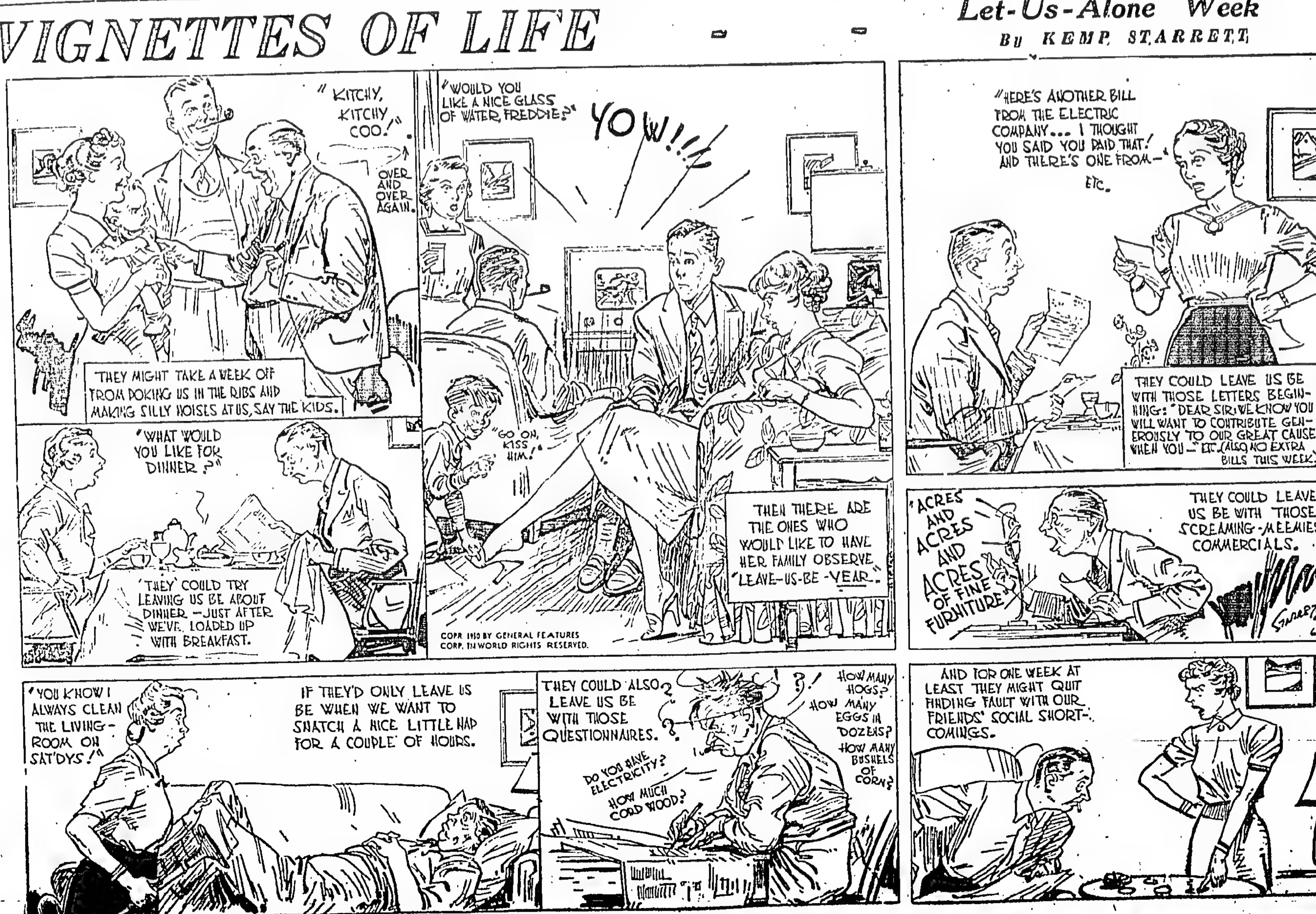
—(London Express Service)

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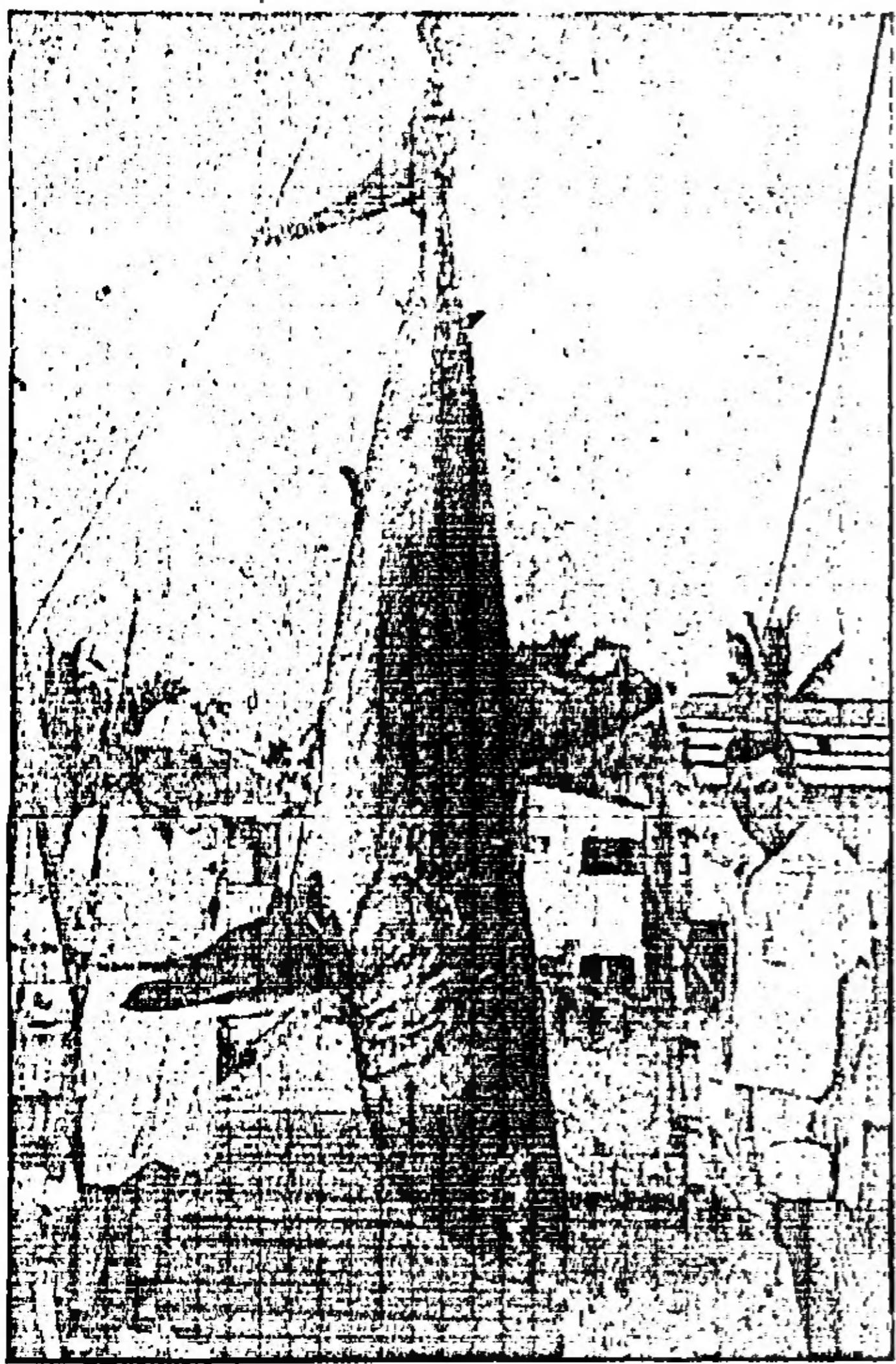
Jon Hope

Let-Us-Alone Week

BY KEMP STARRETT



RECORD SHARK CATCH



Show at West Palm Beach, Fla., is the 845-pound mako shark caught off Bimini, Bahama Islands, by Alsel Wichtfeld, left, which establishes an Atlantic coastal record under International Game Fish Association listings. Capt. Ed Moore, right, was at the control when Wichtfeld caught the shark which weighs about 100 pounds more than the previous record catch.

The "Lively" Ball Leads To Baseball's Most Bitter Wrangle

By CORNELIUS RYAN

New York. Baseball, America's national sport, is in the midst of a bitter wrangle about the "lively" ball, with opponents of the ball claiming that its use will surely reduce baseball to a minor sport.

The presidents of the two major leagues and the companies which make the baseballs insist that the ball is the same as it has been for several years—but the batters and pitchers have a different claim, and the statistics support the players.

RECORD PUT

The ball is much "livelier"—that is, it goes faster and farther when hit, even if not hit very solidly—and the difference can be pictured by imagining the change in soccer if the ball should begin to bounce faster and farther from easy passes off the head or feet.

Statistically, the picture is this: for the week-end of June 23-24-25, there were 11 home runs in 37 games; the Yankees and Detroit Tigers tied a record with 11 home runs in one game; Boston's Red Sox set a modern record with 29 runs in one game; the home run figures for the first 60 games of 1950, compared with 1949, showed that the American has 443 homers this year and 314 last year; the National League 449 this to 248 last year. The general increase is some 35 percent.

"JACKRABBIT" BALL

"This jackrabbit ball is making a joke of the game," said Bill Dickey, an all-time great catcher with the Yankees and now their coach.

Burt Shotton, Brooklyn manager, said the same thing. "Let's burn up the record books," he said. "They'll make a joke of them before the season is half over if the ball isn't changed."

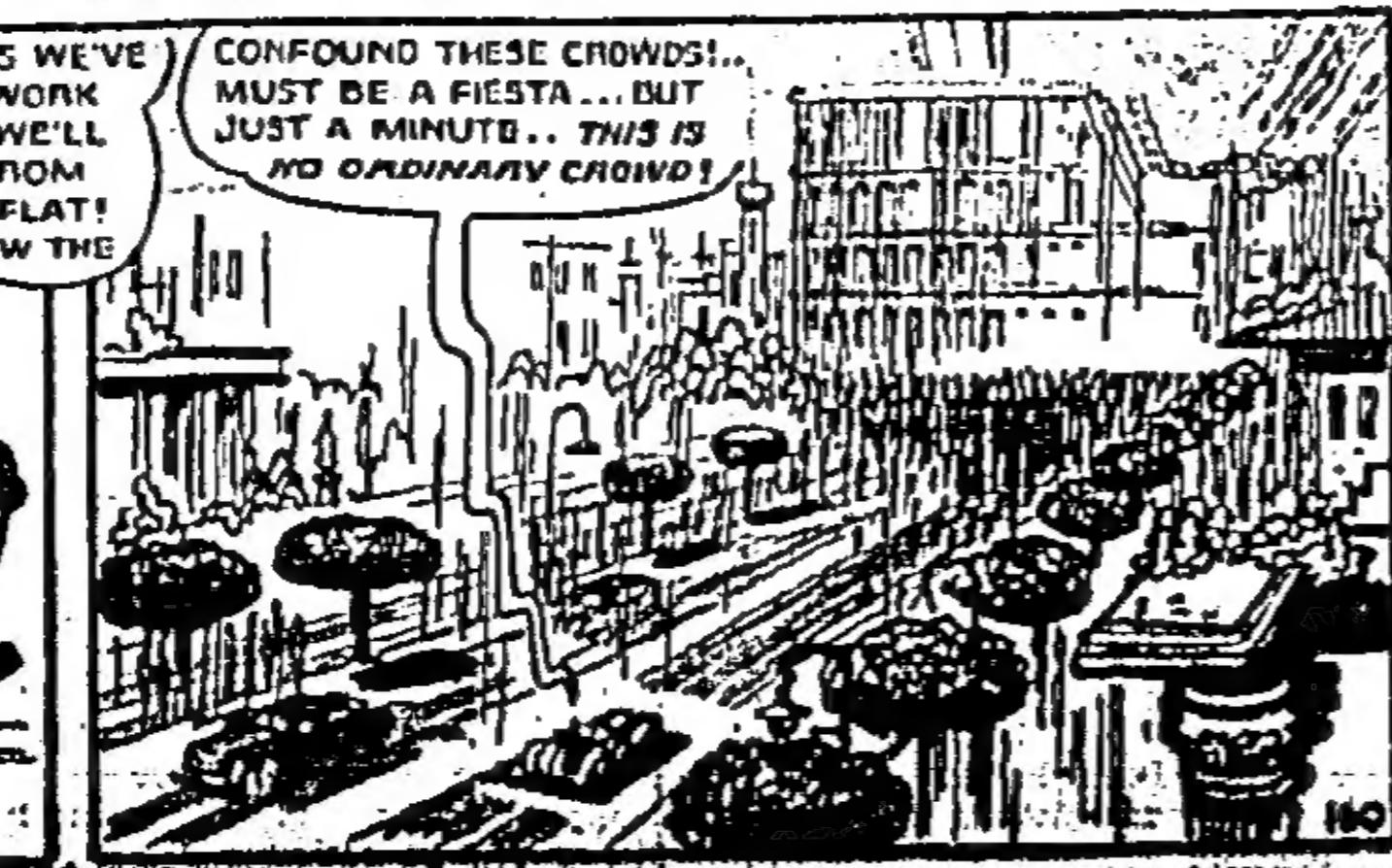
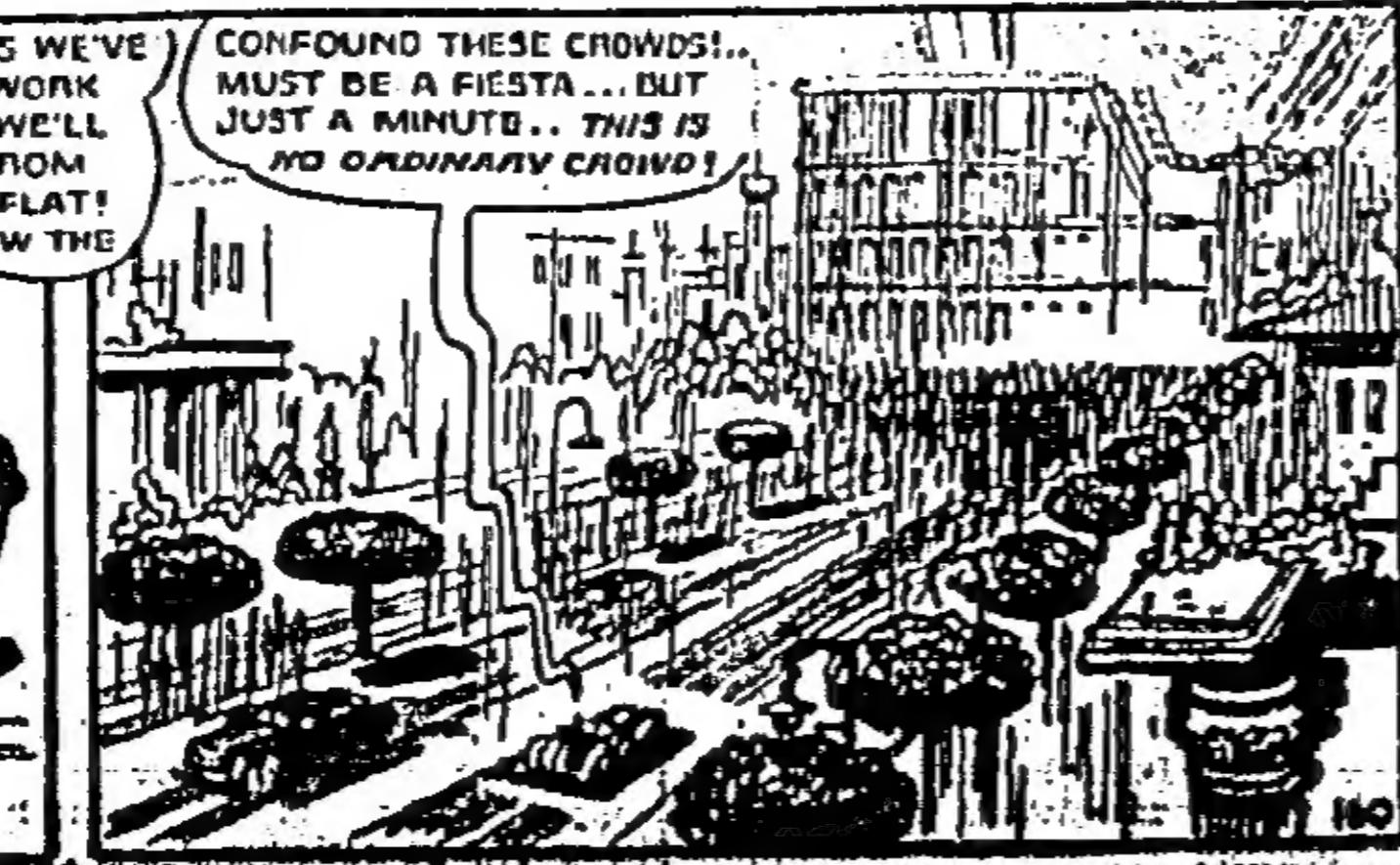
Branch Rickey, Brooklyn president and perhaps the shrewdest of the businessmen in baseball, was equally concerned. On June 24 Brooklyn and Pittsburgh played a 19-to-12 game halted by the midnight curfew.

"Don't tell me the public likes that sort of thing," snorted Rickey.

Many players and managers seriously fear that a player may be killed during a game.

"The ball comes off the bat so fast you can't defend yourself," said former catcher, now coach, Tony Cuccinello—United Press.

K. O. CANNON



(London Express Service)

"Unfair!" Says Goddard

THE WEST INDIES WILL NOT RE-VISIT ENGLAND FOR SEVEN LONG YEARS

BY PETER DITTON

London. John Goddard, West Indies captain, is indignant—and rightly so. He considers that the Imperial Cricket Conference have treated the West Indies unfairly in not arranging another visit to England for them before 1957. It is indeed a bad slip by the International Committee which arranges all cricket tours.

The South Africans and the Australians come to England every four years and even the New Zealanders, who were only accorded three-day Tests, get more frequent opportunities for visiting this country than the West Indies.

Now this, surely, is a ridiculous state of affairs. The visit of the Australians is an event for which all cricket fans wait with eagerness. But who in all honesty could say that the South Africans or the New Zealanders are, or ever have been, a bigger attraction than the West Indies have been this summer.

Both the South Africans and the New Zealanders have their star players. Nourse, Iwanan, McCarthy, Donnelly, Sutcliffe and Hadlee are a few of the names which come to mind.

WEALTH OF TALENT

But just reflect for one moment what wealth of talent is contained in this West Indies side. Worrell, Weekes, Walcott, Marshall, Ramadhin, Valentine. These are names to conjure with—big names. They have proved themselves among the greatest cricketers in the world.

Whether they would bear comparison with Constantine, Sir Donald Bradman, Dempster, and Nourse Sr., or any other giants of the past, is completely beside the point. The fact is that in present day cricket these players have few if any equals—certainly not outside Australia.

The West Indies, who took some time to acclimate themselves, play cricket as it was meant to be played. Witness their record of five scores of over five hundred in a day. And don't let one of their most recent performances—the scoring of 651 in a day against Leicestershire—pass unnoticed.

These West Indians are obviously the second greatest attraction in cricket and one can sympathise with Goddard when he says that his country has been treated unfairly.

LUCKY PUNCTURE

Twenty-three-year-old Roland Hardy, of Chesterfield, was cycling to work when, darn it, he got a puncture.

He walked—and liked it so much he kept on walking for business or pleasure.

That was two years ago. And recently Roland knocked lumps off the British allcomers national, and AAA seven miles records with the fastest-ever time of 50mins. 11.0secs.

Club-mate Lawrence Young followed him home, a fact which inspired that great walker Harold Whitlock, now secretary of the Road Walking Association, to prophesy: "Hardy and Allen will finish first and second in the European Games 10,000 metres walk in Brussels next month."

PUBLICAN-JOCKEY

It is not often that a professional rider is the winner of one of the biggest two-year-old races of the year.

Shortly after the war, 37-year-old George Younger, finding no patronage as a jockey, took out a licence as an innkeeper in Hampshire. He has ridden extensively in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and India.

He soon returned to the saddle, however, and rode a model race on Belle of All to beat Charlie Simkire, in Royal Serenade by a neck. In April, for the same stable, he won at Newmarket on another outsider—Stokes, at 25-1.

(London Express Service)

Arthur Peall says:

TRY THIS 'POSTMAN'S KNOCK' CANNON

In their championship at Burton, the Hall's amateurs have shown great skill at most phases of the game.

Prolific setting at the top-of-the-table clubman's century breakaway with my diagram "postman's knock" cannon shot.

This shot's name comes from the smart "lap-top" idea, a postman's pocket containing a cue-ball by the cushion - tight corner pocket to follow at a rate of strength for another "postman's cannon" after that.

"Billiards for ever" is the theory of this movement in a slight deviation from the "postman's cannon" after that.

It will be a mixed side, under the title of "International Club of Great Britain." But it is likely to be British in title only, for the first four names suggested are Jaroslav Dobrov, Gianni Cucelli, Budgie Patty, and Marcel Barnard.

With Patty and others not keen to go so far it seems there is a sunshine trip on offer for anybody who can flash a racket—and pull in the gate receipts.

(London Express Service)

TOURISTS WANTED

Mr R. B. Hugart, Johannesburg gold mining chief and former president of the South African Lawn Tennis Union, is searching for candidates for a luxury winter tour to South Africa.

It will be a mixed side, under the title of "International Club of Great Britain." But it is likely to be British in title only, for the first four names suggested are Jaroslav Dobrov, Gianni Cucelli, Budgie Patty, and Marcel Barnard.

With Patty and others not

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(London Express Service)

THE RIDDLE OF THE ROME REBELS



(London Express Service)

EARLY BIRDS



Firmly a believer in the early bird story, Manager Jack Gibbons of Brentford FC has started the team's training for next season and welcomed many new players. Among the newcomers are: T. Jones, G. Bristow, Peter Broadbent, and R. Hart. The pitch also has been drained and re-turfed.

"We Cannot Be Beaten At Being Good Losers" Is A Phoney Line

I do not think it is funny that Britain appears incapable of holding her own in international sport. I am unable to conjure up that weary smile and drawl: "After all, old boy, we did teach the rest of the world how to play... and, anyway, it's not the result that matters, it's the game."

When we get a thrashing from any overseas opponent—America, Australia, West Indies, New Zealand, take your pick—it seems to me as regrettable as the failure of any of our "export only" goods.

After all, sport is also for export.

The people who gibber about the result not mattering are the first to protest bitterly after each depressing defeat. They whine that things are not what they used to be, that athletes haven't the guts and stamina they used to have. And, anyway, what is the Government going to do about it?

If we wish to remain genuine amateurs in a world where big sport has become big business, well and good.

In that case, don't let us attempt to challenge nations who long ago decided that international sport is indissolubly tied up with national prestige.

Above all, don't let us play this phoney, hypocritical line that we cannot be beaten at being good losers.

How about being good winners for a change?

HIS INSULT

At Wimbledon, an American newspaperman described the disappointing play of one of his compatriots, and said:

"Gee! Anyone would think she'd become a naturalised Englishwoman!"

An insult, of course. But how could you resent it when you'd just seen our girls win only 30 games in the whole seven matches of the Wightman Cup?

How would you answer if you were shown, as I was, a letter from a man who arranges Continental Soccer tours and who says, bluntly, that the English and Scottish team are not worth a fraction of the money they ask? In future he is going to try out teams from Austria and Yugoslavia instead. Yugoslavia forsooth!

AND BOXING

Look now at our boxers. We have the fly-weight champion of the world, it is true, but what of the rest?

Our bantam-weight King smashed by a Spaniard; our feather-weight outclassed by a Frenchman; our light-weight beaten by a Canadian Negro;

our welter-weight halted by a Frenchman; our middle-weight humbled by a Dutchman; our light-heavy weight knocked out by an American.

And our heavy-weight ("I'll fly him alive") humiliated by another American who should be close to the age of retirement.

What is wrong with our sport? I cannot give you all the answers. But I can tell you some of the things I hate in it.

NO PICNIC

I hate the attitude of the footballers who go on out-of-season overseas tours and regard the whole thing as a delightful picnic. I scorn, too, the attitude of the legislators who send them on such tours, and then have to explain how we get beaten by America—at Soccer.

There is something rotten in the whole Soccer set-up.

Too much rigid legislation and too little humanity by high-ups.

Too little freedom of contract and opportunity for the players.

Too little consideration for the fans who keep the game alive.

Too many directors who go into the game for the social prestige involved, and who insist on bedeviling the unfortunate managers whose job it is to produce a winning side.

Nothing will convince me that a star player is not worth a star salary.

My biggest hate?

There is a name for the men who profit by the blood, sweat,



What's all that Peter Wilson nonsense about women in sport about? Cpl. Rosemary Slade of the 14th Battalion, WRAC, HQ, BAOR adjusts her pads before going in to bat at the WRAC cricket trials held recently at Headquarters, Eastern Command, Holmfirth, Middlesex.



STORIES



HOBBIES

PUZZLES

The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



GAMES



JOKES

WHY DOGS HATE CATS

By Dan Murdoch

ONCE there were no better friends in the animal kingdom than cats and dogs. A cat would rather go up and down alleys in company with a dog than with another cat, and a dog would want no better companion than a cat when it came to tipping over garbage pails.

The reason for their dislike for each other goes back to a dog called Rover and a cat named Tom.

Rover was strolling through the market place on this particular afternoon, long, long ago, when he saw an old woman selling cheese. While she waited on a customer, Tom reached out his



Reynard bit right into the centre of the cheese, causing it to fall apart.

paw and snatched a piece of cheese. Tom, as you can see, was a little lacking in honesty, but he didn't have the right kind of bringing up.

Tom ran up an alley and ran smack into Rover who was tugging over a garbage pail. Tom dropped the cheese and Rover picked it up.

"Begging your pardon," said Tom, because he was polite, if not honest, "that's my cheese."

"It's mine now," said Rover. And they got into a friendly argument, with a lot of loud talk and no real hard feelings on either side. Finally a fox named Reynard stuck his head out from under a garage and told them to quiet down.

Now this fellow named Reynard was pretty smart and after Tom and Rover had explained why they were arguing, the fox said:

"Why don't you let me arbitrate?"

* * *

TOM and Rover, not being mad, agreed to let Reynard judge which was to get the cheese.

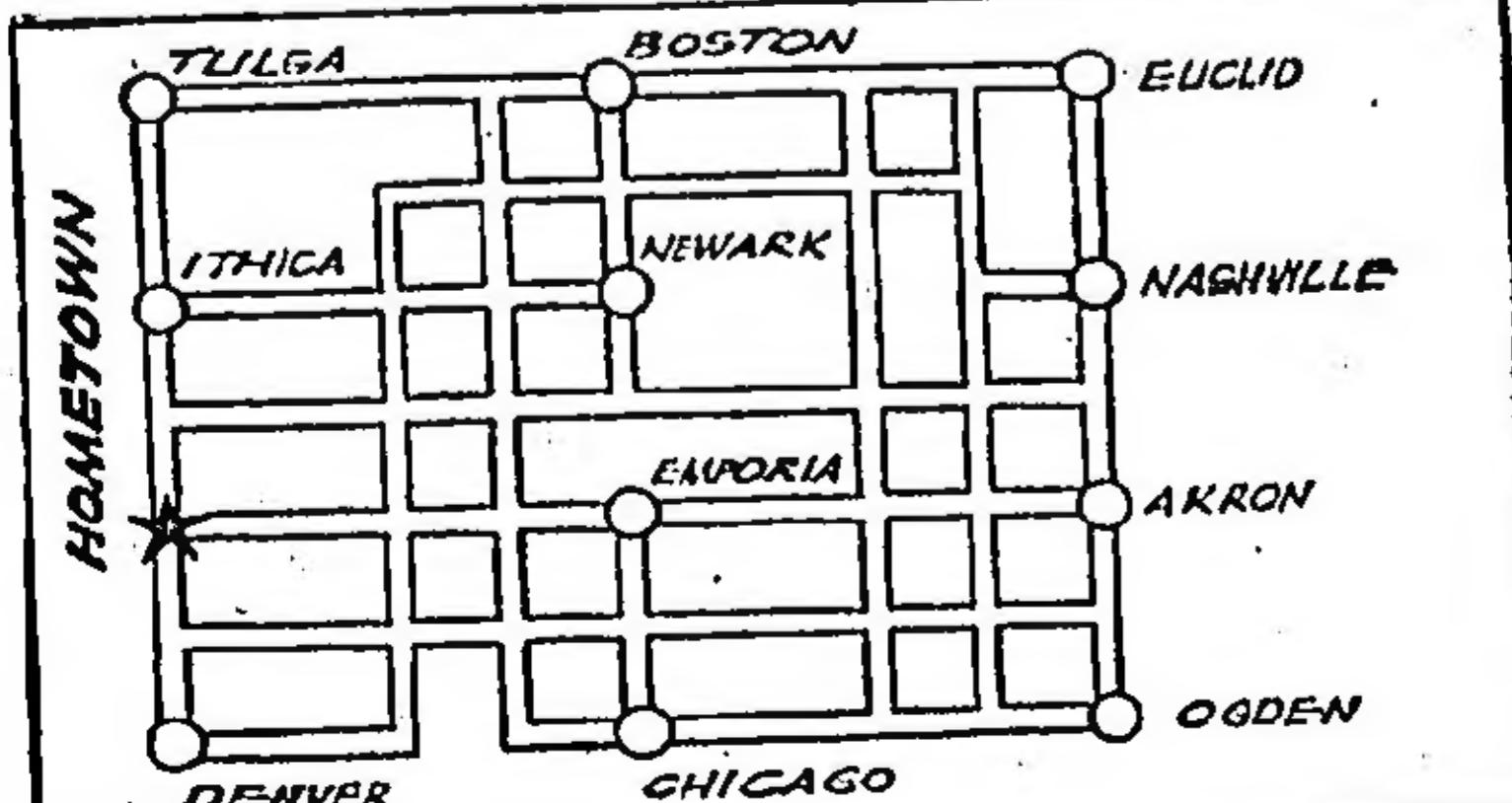
"The simplest thing to do," said Reynard, "would be to divide the cheese between you."

"Of course," said Tom. "It's a wonder I didn't think of that myself. I'll give Rover half and half myself."

"Sure thing," said Rover.

It Can Be Done

BILL and Mary got out their bikes and a road map. "Let's make a tour of the towns on this road map," Bill suggested. The map is shown in the diagram:



"Suits me," said Mary, "but I don't like to visit the same town more than once. And I don't like to travel the same stretch of road more than once."

"It would be hard not to go through some of the towns more than once," Bill said.

"I've been studying the map," Mary said. "It can be done."

Instructive value of pen pals

BY DAN MURDOCH

PERHAPS you don't have a pen-pal in some other country, or perhaps you want another one. Here's a different approach to world correspondence, that you might like to try in your club or your class. It's the "friendship-chain."

Reynard pushed the large piece over to Rover and the small piece to Tom. Tom looked his piece over and said: "Of course, I'm smaller than Rover, but size has nothing to do with this deal. I agreed to share half and half with Rover. The pieces should be the same size."

"Well, that's easily fixed," said Reynard. So he bit off a piece from Rover's piece of cheese and gulped it down.

Rover growled: "You took too much. Now my piece is smaller than Tom's. I thought we were going to share equally."

"Irrim," said Reynard. "So it is. I didn't judge it correctly.

"One American group," she says, listed five things they wanted to know about France. They assumed that French children would have the same questions about America. So they gave the information from our end at the same time that they asked for it from the French end. They took up one question each month, and sent material on it without waiting for a reply. Meanwhile interested responses began to come in from the French youngsters. The project is still going strong."

★ ★ ★

A "FRIENDSHIP-CHAIN" doesn't exchange letters only. Groups send one another photographs, stories, poems, essays, photographs, diaries, books, magazines, newspapers, games, and even phonograph records.

Simple, handmade practical gifts are especially pleasing to both sides. To make a strong "chain," a group doesn't wait



WRITING TO PEN PALS IN OTHER COUNTRIES IS FUN AND YOU CAN GO FARTHER—GROUPS CAN CORRESPOND

for an answer to each thing it wants. It keeps sending things regularly on its own, knowing that that's the way to keep things arriving to them just as regular.

★ ★ ★

DON'T worry about not understanding letters that an overseas group sends. Many young people abroad write English well. If not, you'll find teachers, parents, and students in your community who can translate a foreign language for you.

Spud Sculpture

YOU may not be artistic, but you can't fail to enjoy sculpture if you work with potatoes instead of marble.

Surprising results can be obtained with a small knife and a supply of potatoes. Peel the potato and begin. If you study the shape of the potato, it may suggest what you can carve from it. If the potato doesn't give you any ideas, carve an Indian head.

When the carving is done, use a string and hairpin to hang the carving where it can remain undisturbed for several days. If your curiosity will permit, don't look at the potato in the meantime. Then you will find that the potato has darkened and twisted as it dried so that the queer stone object scarcely resembles the Indian you carved.

With a little practice you can turn out strange primitive-looking pieces that will look as if they had come from the ruins of a lost civilization.

A Slight Error

Mills never could understand why she lost her vacation job as waitress at the Breakwater Beach Hotel. All she did was mix her orders at Table No. 5 and ask the 200-pound dowager if she was the "stuffed mackerel."

You can discover the route that will take you from Hometown, marked with a star, and back, so that you'll pass through each town only once and yet not travel the same

route if you work with potatoes instead of marble. Surprising results can be obtained with a small knife and a supply of potatoes. Peel the potato and begin. If you study the shape of the potato, it may suggest what you can carve from it. If the potato doesn't give you any ideas, carve an Indian head.

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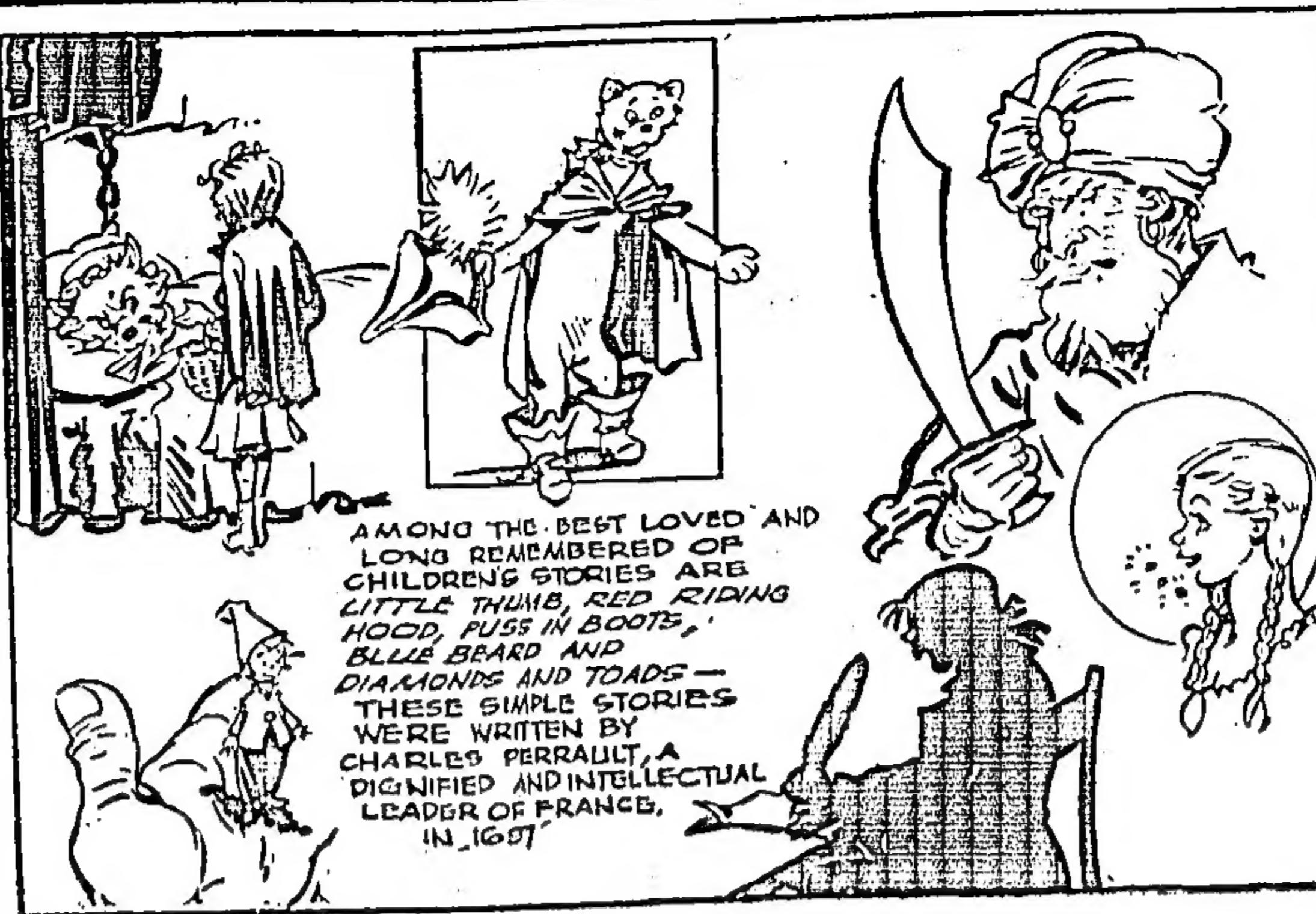
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An intellectual wrote Puss in Boots

By Lee Priestley

THE French gentleman paused with his hand on the door-knob of Charles Perrault's study. Turning to say a word of farewell to the old man who had buried himself in his country chateau, the visitor shook his head sadly.

On an impulse, the visitor returned to the desk where Charles Perrault wrote so busily. What is it that you write, M'sieur?" he asked curiously.

The old man looked up with a smile. "Oh, nothing...nothing I amuse myself."

The visitor shook his head again.

The visitor shook his head sadly. "Let us not quarrel about this," he said. "I will return now to Paris and suggest to your friends that a monument be built to your earlier genius."

The visitor sighed and left.

Charles Perrault turned to his work and wrote: "Once upon a time there was a little girl and everyone called her Little Red Riding Hood..."

The visitor shook his head again.

Even before the visitor had picked up his quill pen and put it in his bicycle basket, the old man nodded, a spark of eagerness coming into his faded eyes. "I have finished the tale of 'Puss in Boots' and 'Cinderella' and now I begin 'Little Red Riding Hood'."

"Is this childlike stuff proper for you who have been a brilliant debater and a poet?" he asked.

For you who helped design the great building of the Louvre? For the man who was King Louis XIV's spokesman in the learned Academy of France?"

"They are interesting tales," said Perrault.

The visitor had heard about the nonsense that Charles Perrault wrote. He asked: "Old stories that the peasants tell?" Tales that children's nurses repeat at bedtime?"

The old man nodded, a spark of eagerness coming into his faded eyes. "I have finished the tale of 'Puss in Boots' and 'Cinderella' and now I begin 'Little Red Riding Hood'."

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The Water Was Boiling Away

—The Steam Wanted to Get Out of the Pot—

By MAX TRELL

suddenly remembered that locomotives were pushed by steam.

"And we push steamboats—and steamships! We push them all around the world. We never get tired of pushing!"

Hand knew that was right, too.

"We push machines in factories. We build buildings. We dig holes. We blow whistles. We press clothes."

"Press clothes?" said Hand in surprise.

"We press clothes in tailor shops."

They all raced around the pot of water again. Hand noticed now that they weren't racing around nearly as fast as they had been before.

"What's the matter? What are you trying to do?"

They all raced around the pot of water again. Hand noticed now that they weren't racing around nearly as fast as they had been before.

"Move the water," said Hand.

She quickly turned the flame down.

Racing and Whirling

The next instant the pot-cover was pushed up into the air. It fell right back again on the pot. But in the instant it was up a dozen white figures came from the stove where a pot of water had been set to boil. The noise itself was being made by the cover of the pot, which was rattling furiously up and down.

But over and above the noise of the rattling pot-cover came loud hissing voices. "Let us out of here! If you don't get off, we'll push you off! Let us out!"

"We press clothes in tailor shops."

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She quickly turned the flame down.

Racing and Whirling

They all raced around the pot of water again in anger.

"We're glad to be free," they said.

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SPARE MOMENTS PAGE

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Take a Lesson
From Larceny Lou

♦ Q J 10 6	20		
♦ A 5			
♦ 9 4 2			
♦ A Q 8 5			
(Dealer)			
♦ A 8 5 2	20		
♦ V 10 6			
♦ K 10 8 5			
♦ W E			
3			
♦ 6 4			
♦ 9 4			
♦ K 9 2			
♦ A Q 7			
♦ K J 10 7			
N-S vul.			
North	East	South	West
1 ♠	Pass	1 ♥	Pass
1 ♠	Pass	2 N.T.	Pass
J.N.T.	Pass	Pass	Pass

By OSWALD JACOBY

You'd never get away with that play against an expert," snarled West when today's hand was played.

Larceny Lou smiled and quietly answered, "I wasn't playing against an expert. Besides, I did get away with it, didn't I?"

Actually Lou's play would probably succeed against most players. It is a type that comes up fairly often and therefore will reward careful study.

Weed opened the five of diamonds. East played the jack, and Lou won with the queen.

Lou could count four club tricks, two hearts, and two diamonds. The only suit in which he could produce the ninth trick was spades. However, because of the danger that West had a five-card diamond suit, it was important to play the spades in such a way that West won the first trick.

For this purpose, Lou led a club to dummy at the second trick. He then returned the six of spades from dummy.

If East had been an expert he would have put up his king with the courage born of desperation. This would have held West. He could then return a diamond, knocking out South's ace. West would still have the need of spades in the entry to the rest of the diamonds.

Actually, East did what most players would do. He played a low spade, and South's nine forced out West's ace. Now West could act up his diamonds but could never regain the lead to end them. Lou was therefore able to bring in the necessary spade tricks to make his contract.

Incidentally, this is a good type of play to remember. Try to force out the high cards of the player who has led a long suit against you. You can often persuade the leader's partner to play low on a suit that you lead from the dummy.

SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith



"How is it you charge me \$200 for an inlay, but when you take it out you say the gold is worth nothing?"

BY THE WAY

by Beachcomber

WEARING an all-banded Venetian sports ensemble, with lantern-grey organza blouse, crisped with

needle-pointed felt, and a yellow frogskin neck-pocket shot with button shantung and trailing serice whisks, the skinny mannequin slunk like a half-dead reptile across the dais.

The young Comte Fichemny-Lapaux turned to his companion, lovely Emerald Wygram-Stephens. "That is the girl," he whispered. At that moment five shots rang out. Five times the mannequin ducked—then a sixth. No shot. Angry voices mingled with the screams of women. The proprietor, Boris Budenov, called for order. "Lock all the doors," cried a tall man with a broken nose. "Guard the windows," shouted an old lady whose dog had bitten her hand. Only one person remained calm. Fichemny-Lapaux extracted a cigar from a reindeer-skin case and tapped it on the back of his hand. A cynical smile hovered round his retractive lips.

They are on their way

AS the rocket passed over Nether Twiddle at an estimated height of 3,600 feet, the squire was busy with his charts. Every now and then he consulted a tiny sphygmometer and jotted down a figure. By his side Professor Ranger watched the pump, and occasionally took a reading from the paddle pressure-gauge. Every time the rocket lost height, Strabius leaped out of his cabin and ejected a handful of hay from the iron basket. To watchers in the fields below the rocket seemed to be controlled only by the wind.

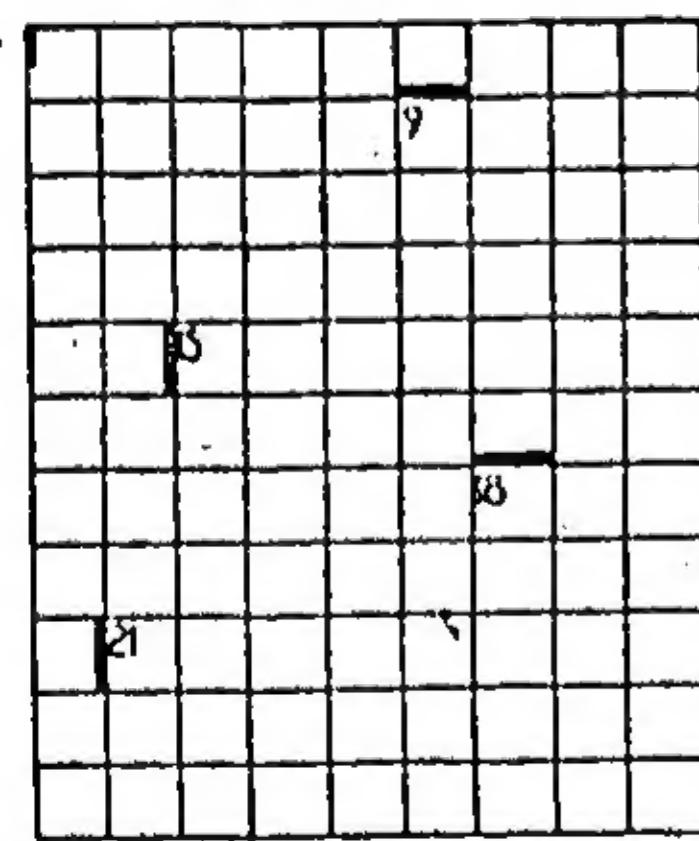
Experts are of the opinion that the rocket, if it manages to clear the Mendips, will come down in the sea. "What we seem to need," said Ranger bitterly, "is a wind blowing steadily up from the earth." Strabius smiled ruefully, scratched his little hat, and threw out some more hay. "Patience is the secret of success," he said, as he estimated their distance from the moon.

Organised day dreaming

LING on the grass and looking at trees and birds and clouds has, up to now, been left to private enterprise. But I see that an American university is to include in its curriculum a course in "relaxation," in order that young men may be instructed in the art of doing nothing. The next step will be to organise the doing of nothing, so that thousands, at a word of command, will instantly "relax" into a state of communal leisure.

(Solution on this page)

SKELETON CROSSWORD



(Solution on this page)



NANCY

Bored of Education



YOUR BIRTHDAY

By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 29

If you are born today, you are a veritable bundle of energy. You want to be on the go all the time. Without something constructive to do, you will just devote your energies to anything that comes to hand. For children born today, the old adage, "Satan finds mischief for idle hands," is very true indeed! Consequently, parents should discover their progeny's interests and develop them at an early age. This independent activity should result in an early and successful career.

Fond of outdoor life and athletics, you will be happiest if you live in the country. At least, make it a point to get away for week ends. A certain type of restlessness can be avoided by keeping a close acquaintance with Nature!

You have capabilities for a business success and will probably know how to make money. Your tastes are more toward the arts and pro-

fessions but you are not one to starve in a garret for art's sake. You figure that art should pay its own way.

Gregarious by instinct, you want friends around you. You like to be the centre of your group and will probably tend that way in any environment. Attractive to members of the same sex and magnetic when it comes to your associations with those of the opposite sex. Your circle of friends should be a large and interesting one. An early marriage would probably bring you lasting happiness. Just make the selection of your life partner with care!

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JULY 30

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Carry out your plans carefully and this can prove a very successful day. All aspects are favourable.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 22)—Patience may be required to-day otherwise your plan may not develop as you had anticipated.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22)—Be sensible when it comes to making your plans for recreation and pleasure today. Avoid risks.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)—This is not the time to force an issue. Therefore, try to postpone any pending contract or if you are to avoid complications.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 19)—Impulsiveness only leads to impatience. Make haste slowly.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)—Be an optimist today and the minor clouds should disappear easily. Avoid an argument.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 18)—Be thoughtful of others today. Don't let your temper get away from you today.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 20)—Be cautious when it comes to active sports but if possible plan to get into the country.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Don't worry over minor matters today. Be calm and all should go well.

CANCER (June 22-July 21)—If you are conciliatory, then this can prove an harmonious day. It is up to you! Don't gossip.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you are born today, you have tremendous personal courage, a strong sense of humour, a lot of enthusiasm and high ambitions. Being highly adaptable, you can usually adjust yourself to all kinds of changing circumstances with exceptional ease. You have your own ideas and plan to push them through to completion. Watchful of opportunity, you never let one slip through your grasp. You know the value of acting at once!

YOU are very intuitive and even psychic at times. This is especially true of the fair sex. You are often considered a dreamer. You act on your ideals and dreams.

There is a certain restlessness in your nature which you must learn to curb. You may find

that this mood is dissipated by indulging in active sports or taking a long walk. You need a certain amount of physical activity for good health. Make sure that you get it.

Your home is very apt to be the centre and heart of your life. You make an excellent manager and a wonderful host or hostess. In marrying, select someone whose ideals and aspirations are similar to your own, but one who is willing to help you in your career rather than start a second one!

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JULY 31

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—A day for the arts and social planning. Business affairs are improving; others may also come up for settlement.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 22)—Make your relationships with others as favourable as possible today and all should develop to your wish.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 22)—Don't let some exciting event carry you away with over-enthusiasm. Keep cool and unity.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)—A good day for creative, artistic work. Make up for any time lost recently in developing an idea.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—A social day for most, but if you can recognise an opportunity when it appears, seize it at once.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 18)—Make plans for business advance. You can make gains today if you plan things correctly.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 19)—Don't let some exciting event carry you away with over-enthusiasm. Keep cool and unity.

ARIES (Mar. 22-Apr. 20)—Manage your affairs efficiently.

and you will be able to see very definite advantages and gains.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 20)—An active day. If planning to shop, you should be able to find excellent bargains right now.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Combine social and professional affairs—it will be to your advantage.

CANCER (June 22-July 21)—Combine business and domestic matters for the good of all at this time.

CROSSWORD SOLUTIONS

Solution of yesterday's puzzle.
Across: 1. Raindrop; 9, Cope;

11, Pie; 12, Rome; 13, Date; 14,

Ornolu; 16, Awl; 18, Cue; 20,

Use; 21, Teeth; 22, Read; 24, Tit;

25, Expedites; 26, Verdict.

Down: 2, Iposmen; 3, Nemo;

4, Dwell; 5, Reduce; 6, Opaque;

7, Pit; 8, Wear; 9, Closure; 10,

Orris; 15, Letter; 17, Waded; 19,

Chasm; 21, Ted; 23, Exe; 24, Tic.

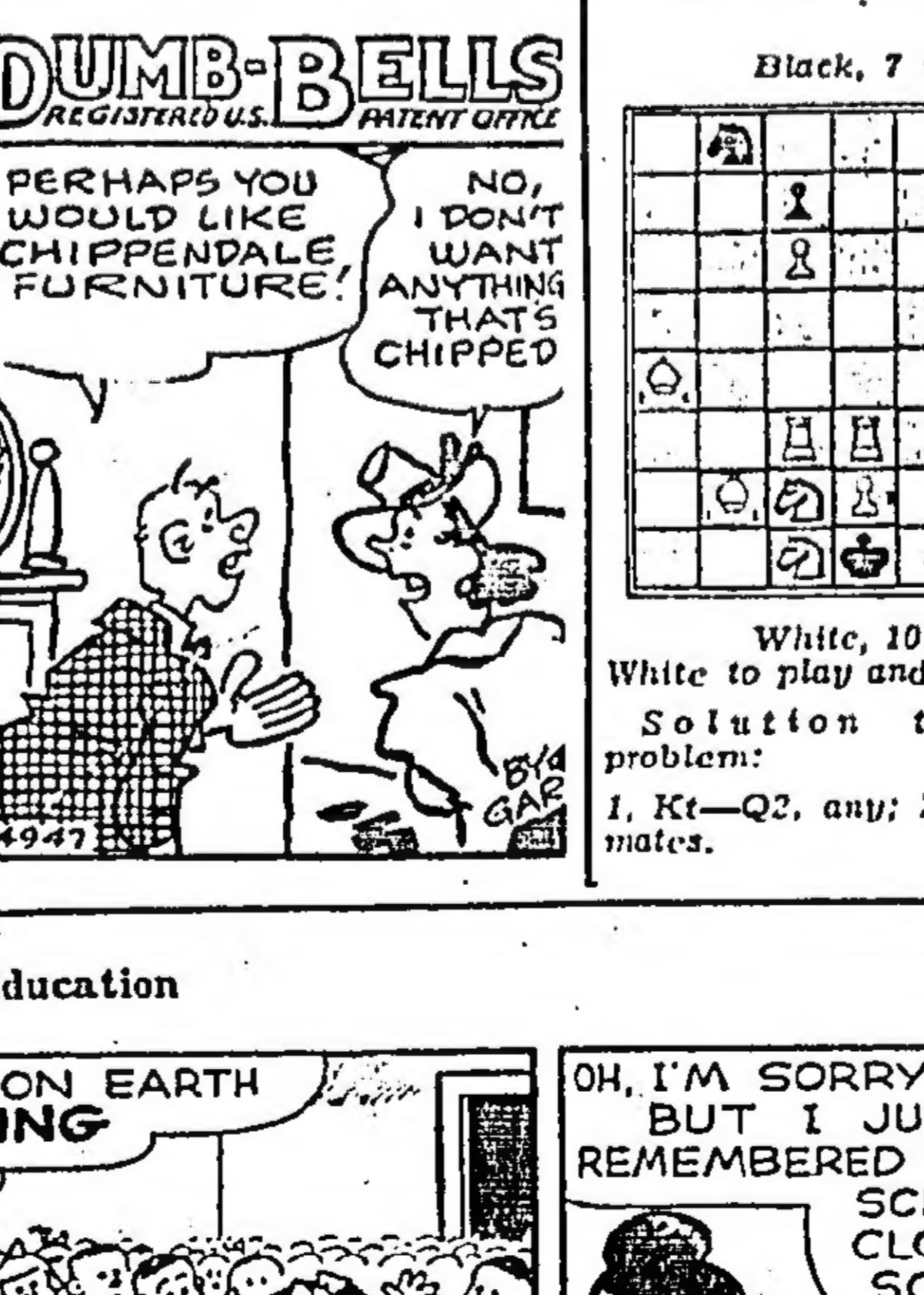
Solution of Skeleton Crossword on this page:



CHESS PROBLEM

By T. and J. WARTON

Black, 7 pieces



White, 10 pieces.
White to play and mate in three.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1. Kt-Q2, any; 2. Q, R, or Kt mates.

INTELLIGENCE TEST SOLUTION

C, B, D, E

The components of the several "courtesy" must be:
(1) Five "diagonals" of the pentagon (Sam);
(2) Three diagonals and two sides (Syril);
(3) Two diagonals and three sides (Sam);
(4) Five sides (Sarah).

Hence, if two runners met to face the race, each will follow the route followed by Sam.

Sam: "A-C-E-B-D-H-D-A-B-C-E-D-G-H-I-C-F-G-H-I-J";

Sybil: "A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I-J";

Sarah: "A-B-C-C-D-E-E-A";

Sidney's route was as shown above.

London Express Service.

C

THE CATHEDRAL

15 Cano Road, Tel. 22674

SUNDAY, 30 July, 6 a.m. Mass with sermon in Chinese. 7 a.m. Mass with sermon in English. 8 a.m. Mass with sermon in Mandarin. 9 a.m. Mass with sermon in English. 10 a.m. Mass with sermon in English. 12 noon. Mass with sermon in English. 1 p.m. Mass with sermon in English. 2 p.m. Mass with sermon in English. 3 p.m. Mass with sermon in English. 4 p.m. Mass with sermon in English. 5 p.m. Mass with sermon in English. 6 p.m. Mass with sermon in English. 7 p.m. Mass with sermon in English.

CONFESIONS ARE HEARD IN ALL THE CHURCHES IN ENGLISH, FRENCH, CHINESE, PORTUGUESE, ETC.

SERVICES FOR H.M. FORCES

St. Joseph's Chapel, Sunday, 30 July, 6 a.m. Holy Mass.

St. Paul's Chapel, Sunday, 30 July, 6 a.m. Mass.

St. Michael's Chapel, Sunday, 30 July, 6 a.m. Mass.

NO CHANGE IN TOP FOUR POSITIONS IN THE COUNTY CRICKET TABLE

London, July 28.
The top four positions in the County Cricket Championship table remained unchanged after the series of matches ended today.

Lancashire, Yorkshire and Surrey, all of whom won their matches, lead the table in that order, followed by Warwickshire, who had no match. Lancashire have 152 points from 19 matches; Yorkshire 144 points from 20, Surrey 132 from 20, and Warwickshire 120 from 20 games.

Northamptonshire jumped into fifth place with a victory over Hampshire, which gives them 88 points from 19 matches. They are followed on the 80-point mark by Derbyshire and Gloucestershire.

Today's results of first class cricket games were as follows:

At Worcester: Surrey beat Worcester by 10 wickets. Worcester 104 and 210 (Bird 64, Laker, right-arm offspin bowler, seven for 61). Surrey 345 and 30 for no wicket.

At Hull: Yorkshire beat Gloucestershire by an innings and 41 runs. Yorkshire 340. Gloucestershire 195 and 109 (Wardle, left-arm slow bowler, six for 12).

At Manchester: Lancashire beat Middlesex by 94 runs. Lancashire 101 and 235 (Gates 91, Young, left-arm slow bowler, five for 63; Titmus, five for 65). Middlesex 209 and 123 (Hilton, slow left-arm spin bowler, four for 30).

At Burton: Derbyshire drew with Sussex. Derbyshire 261 and 82 for four; Sussex 88 and 360 for five declared (John Langridge 104).

At Bournemouth: Northamptonshire beat Hampshire by 156 runs. Northamptonshire 129 and 321 for six declared. Hampshire 114 and 180 (Garlick, right-arm medium offspin bowler, four for 22).

At Lord's: Gentlemen drew with Players. Gentlemen 325 and 235 for four declared (Simpson 69). Players 309 for nine declared and 242 for nine (Parkhouse 81, Kenyon 54, Knott, right-arm offspin bowler, five for 66).

At Maidstone: Kent drew with Essex. Essex 313 and 359 for six (Evans 61, Eve 72, Parfitt 85 not out). Kent 532. —Reuter.

KOREAN SHOCK TROOPS

(Continued from Page 1)

The air seconds after the planes dropped their loads on Pyongyang's yards, crammed with railway wagons. One bombardier said that the smoke must have come from "an explosion in the yards."

Shooting Star jets and Mustangs went out to look for battle area targets but found the weather unsuitable for low-level attacks.

General MacArthur's communiqué said today that the Commander-in-Chief was "particularly impressed" during yesterday's visit to the battle area, by the "closely knit co-operation among ground, navy and air units." Their cohesion indicated "an impending change from defensive actions to strong counter-offensive operations."

The South Korean President, Dr Syngman Rhee, broadcasting to the world tonight, expressed his confidence in final victory.

From his south coast position with American forces, Reuter's correspondent Derek Pearcey reported evidence that the North Koreans had prepared their invasion long in advance.

NO COVER

Americans found that during the battle for Hadong yesterday, the Communists used concrete machine-gun emplacements. In another part of the area, the Northerners fired on American troops from deep holes on hills without natural cover.

It was assumed that since the withdrawal of United States troops from Korea at the end of the occupation, underground forces began preparing for the invasion, smuggling in and storing arms caches throughout the country.

A spokesman late tonight could not confirm reports of a Communist breakthrough between the 25th Division and the First Cavalry Division, though there was pressure along that front.—Reuter.

N. KOREA CLAIM

Tokyo, July 28.
A North Korean communiqué, quoted tonight by Pyongyang Radio, claimed that in the Namyang area, Northern troops yesterday occupied Kurye, about 30 miles from the south coast, after a violent struggle with United States forces.

The communiqué claimed that anti-aircraft fire had brought down eight American planes, but it did not state what period this covered.

A group of American prisoners of war had arrived in Seoul and had been interned, it was added.—Reuter.

H.K. BOWLERS LOSE BY ONE SHOT

(From Our Own Correspondent)

London, July 28. Hong Kong's bowlers lost their annual Esplin Cup match against Wanstead by one shot today, after 22 ends. Wanstead won 19-18.

On the unofficial rinks Wanstead won by 29-25 and 28-18.

WASHBROOK UNCERTAIN

London, July 28. Cyril Washbrook, the England and Lancashire opening batsman, is uncertain whether he will be able to accept the invitation of the MCC to tour Australia and New Zealand next winter owing to business reasons.

He will be in a position to give his answer to the Selection Committee within the next few days.—Reuter.

TOUR DE FRANCE

Paris, July 28. There were 64 starters for the 14th stage of the Tour de France cycle race today when the competitors travelled over 200 miles from Nimes to Toulon.

Six competitors retired or were eliminated yesterday and the terrible heat is proving a great strain on the riders.—Reuter.

—United Press.

Krakatao Wins The Chesterfield Cup

Goodwood, July 28. Racing ended for another year on this beautiful Sussex downland course today with a win for the well-known breeder, Mr David Hely-Hutchinson's, Krakatao in the Chesterfield Cup.

Making light of his 9 stone, 7 pounds burden, Krakatao, a four-year-old bay son of Nareo, ridden by Gordon Richards, won this £1,500 10-furlong race effortlessly by four lengths; starting a 7 to 4 favourite.

The judge concluded a photo-finish before placing Burnt Brown, 6 to 1, in second place, a short head in front of the 15 to 2 chance, Merry Month.

This is the second year in succession that the top-weight has won this race easily. Last year Impeccable shoudered 9 stone, 7 pounds to a four-lengths' win.

FAVOURITES FALTER

As on most of the other days, well-backed favourites failed. In fact, only seven clear favourites were successful in 25 races over the four-day meeting.

Racing commenced today with a consolation win for Miss Dorothy Page, whose Aldborough was beaten in yesterday's Goodwood Cup. Her four-year-old Angelico, at 6 to 1, taking the six-furlongs Chichester Stakes by a head.

Foxero, at 100 to 1, No Appeal, at 7 to 1, Flying Slipper, at 8 to 1, swelled the bookmakers' winnings at the meeting before the Agra Khan's Liwali, gambled on at 6 to 4, took the final race, the five-furlongs Fimdon Stakes, by a short head.

Even Liwali had to survive an objection for dumping before getting the race and giving the Agra Khan his first two-year-old winner of the season.

—Reuter.

WEEK-END SPORT

TODAY

Cricket—Combined Universities v. Mr H. Owen-Hughes XI at Kowloon Cricket Club, 2 p.m.

Lawn Bowls—First Division League: KBCG v PRC; KCC v CCC; Rec. "W" v KDC; IHC v HKFC.

Second Division League: KBCG v HKFC; KCC v HKCC; IHC v FC; POC v TDC.

Third division League: KDC v HKFC v CCC; Recreco v PRC.

TOMORROW

Cricket—Hongkong University Alumni v Malaya University Pokfulam, 11 a.m.

PHYSICIANS WANTED

TWO FULL TIME PHYSICIANS ARE WANTED BY OUR PRIVATE CLINIC, THOSE WITH CONSIDERABLE EXPERIENCE AND REGISTERED WITH THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO APPLY TO THE GOLD & SILVER EXCHANGE, 14 MERCER STREET, HONG KONG. ALL APPLICATIONS SHALL BE CONFIDENTIALLY TREATED. SUBSTANTIAL REMUNERATIONS ARE PROMISED. FURTHER PARTICULARS SHALL BE FURNISHED UPON REQUEST.

Ken Bousfield Level With Bobby Locke

Harrogate, July 28. A tremendous thunderstorm washed out the fifth and final round of the North British Harrogate Golf tournament this afternoon and it will be replayed tomorrow.

Heil laid a white carpet over the course and the 18th green became a four-inch deep lake.

Players cut on their last round, including the Open Champion, Bobby Locke, took advantage of the time permitting them to shelter and then, after an inspection, the Committee stopped play for the day, recalled those competitors who had started and decided to play the fifth round tomorrow.

As a result of the first four rounds, Locke and Ken Bousfield, assistant at Combe Hill, London, to the former Open Champion, Dick Burton, are joint leaders with 276—Reuter.

NEW YORK'S SECURITY MEASURE

"Trojan Horse" Patrols To Search All Soviet Ships

New York, July 28. Customs officials set up "Trojan horse" patrols on Friday to prevent Communist merchant ships from sneaking into New York harbour with a concealed atom bomb or other secret weapons.

Port Collector Harry Durning said, all Russian and Soviet satellite vessels will be halted in the narrows between Brooklyn and Staten Island, and will be searched "intensively."

"He said: "You can rest assured that no unsafe Communist ship will be allowed to enter New York's harbours."

Similar security measures were imposed in San Francisco and other West Coast ports two days ago.

ARMED WITH GEIGERS

Agents carrying geiger counters will be assigned to board all suspect ships and search for atomic or bacteriological weapons.

Durning said, teams of 15 to 20 men will board every ship which has touched Communist-held ports or flies the flag of a Communist-dominated nation.

Although the inspection crews probably will carry geiger counters, Durning said, "Nobody has been able to tell me how to detect an atom bomb. Furthermore, I don't know what a geiger counter can."

Durning imposed strict security measures on secret instructions from Washington, which assigned the Coast Guard to aid his 60-man search team staff.

Members of the Harbour Port Patrol will be assigned to aid the Customs men, and once a ship is cleared in the narrows, search it under constant dockside surveillance, Durning said.

—United Press.

Appeal By India

(Continued from Page 1)

these forces to remote areas out of India.

All the greater reason, therefore, why it should like to join the tributes paid to the men of all countries that are upholding with their lives the decisions of this Council.

LIKE WAR COUNCIL

"Circumstances have forced the Security Council into an unprecedented role: in fact, we are functioning at the present moment almost like a war council.

"To a country like India, where the greatest apostle of peace of modern times lived and died, practising to the end what he preached, martial rule does not come easy.

"And hence the continual efforts which she has been making—often at the risk of being misunderstood—to both to localise the Korean conflict and to bring it to the earliest possible end.

"Let us consider, coldly and dispassionately, what has happened and is likely to happen," Sir Benegal continued.

"The North has invaded and occupied a large portion of the South, causing—as all military operations must cause—a good deal of destruction of life and property.

NC DOUBT

"Whatever the excuse alleged for this attack, it has been denounced by a large majority of the countries of the world, and the immense resources of many of them are now being mobilised in aid of the South.

"Judging from the report of the unified command now before us, it is only a question of time when the invaders will be turned back: there is no doubt as to the final outcome.

"But in the process of turning the enemy back there will inevitably be more devastation of territory which he is now occupying," Sir Benegal continued.

"What will be the condition of Korea and her inhabitants at the end of it all?"—Reuter.



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